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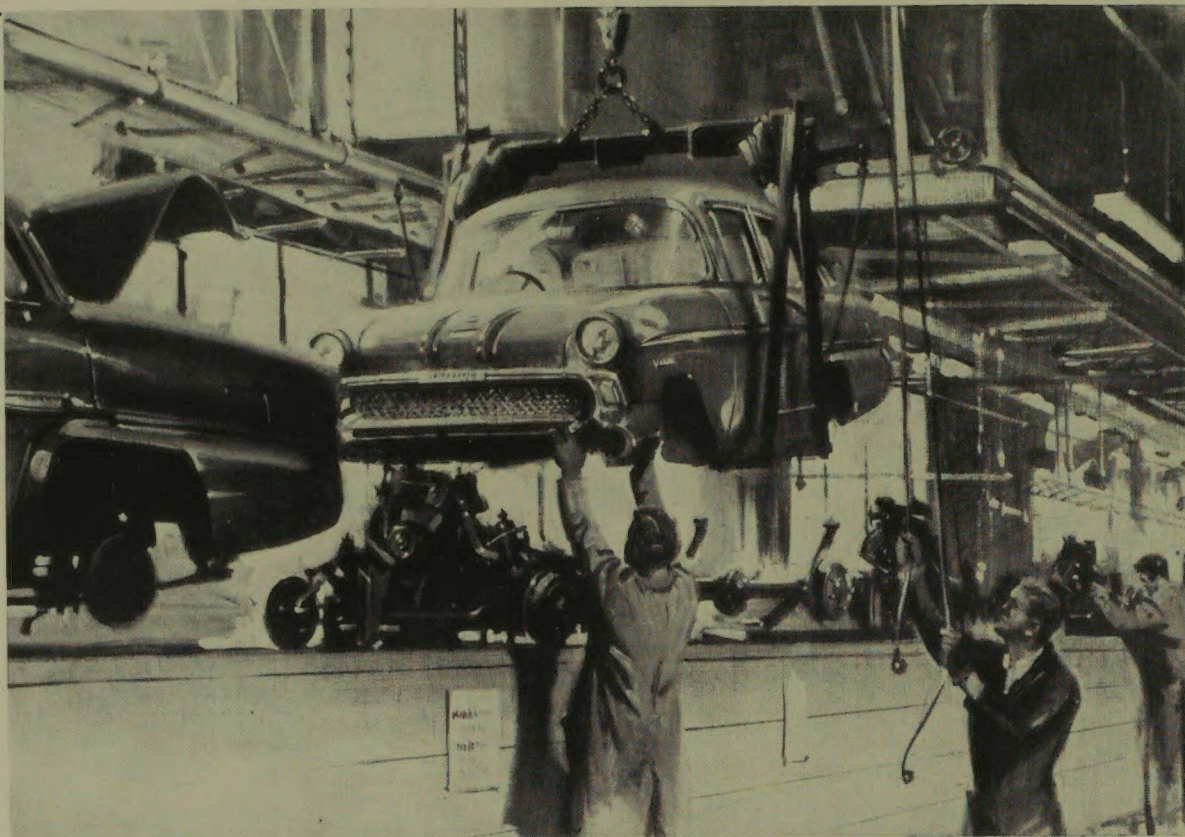
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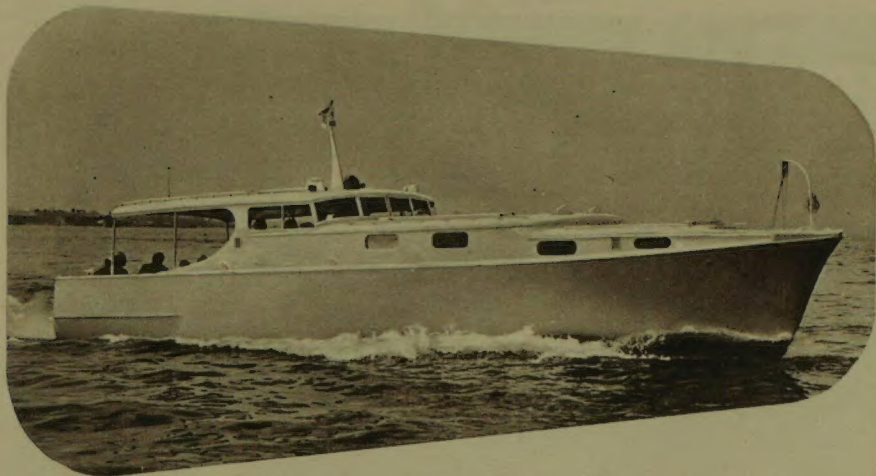
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For every British family that had a car ten years ago, nearly two families have cars today—a total of over three and a half million cars. Thus electricity, which powers the factories that make the cars, helps to bring the convenience of motoring to more and more people. Serving the motor car manufacturers, and prominent in every type of industrial activity, ENGLISH ELECTRIC supplies a great range of motors and control equipment to harness the power of electricity for everyone's benefit.



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January 1st—January 11th

On **STAND 51** we shall be showing an example of glass fibre boat-building, marine engines and propellers.

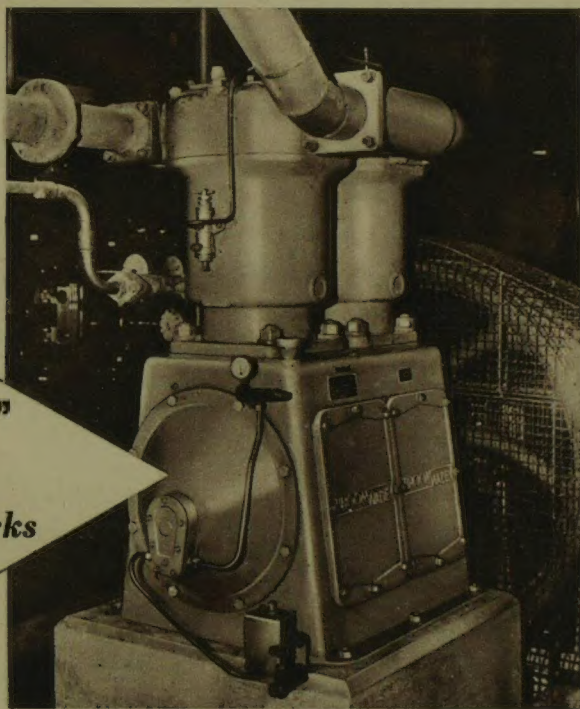
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A bus-ride to Bangkok

Bangkok (as far as a business man is concerned) lies a little North of London Bridge. If you live in London, you can get there by bus. Ask for Gracechurch Street and get off at our office. There you will find a warm welcome and all the business facts and figures you want: not only from Bangkok, but from Bombay, Borneo, Singapore, San Francisco; in fact from all our offices in Asia, Europe and the United States. For ours is the biggest British bank in the Far East; we are intimately connected with its trade throughout thirteen countries there, and you are welcome to our knowledge and services.

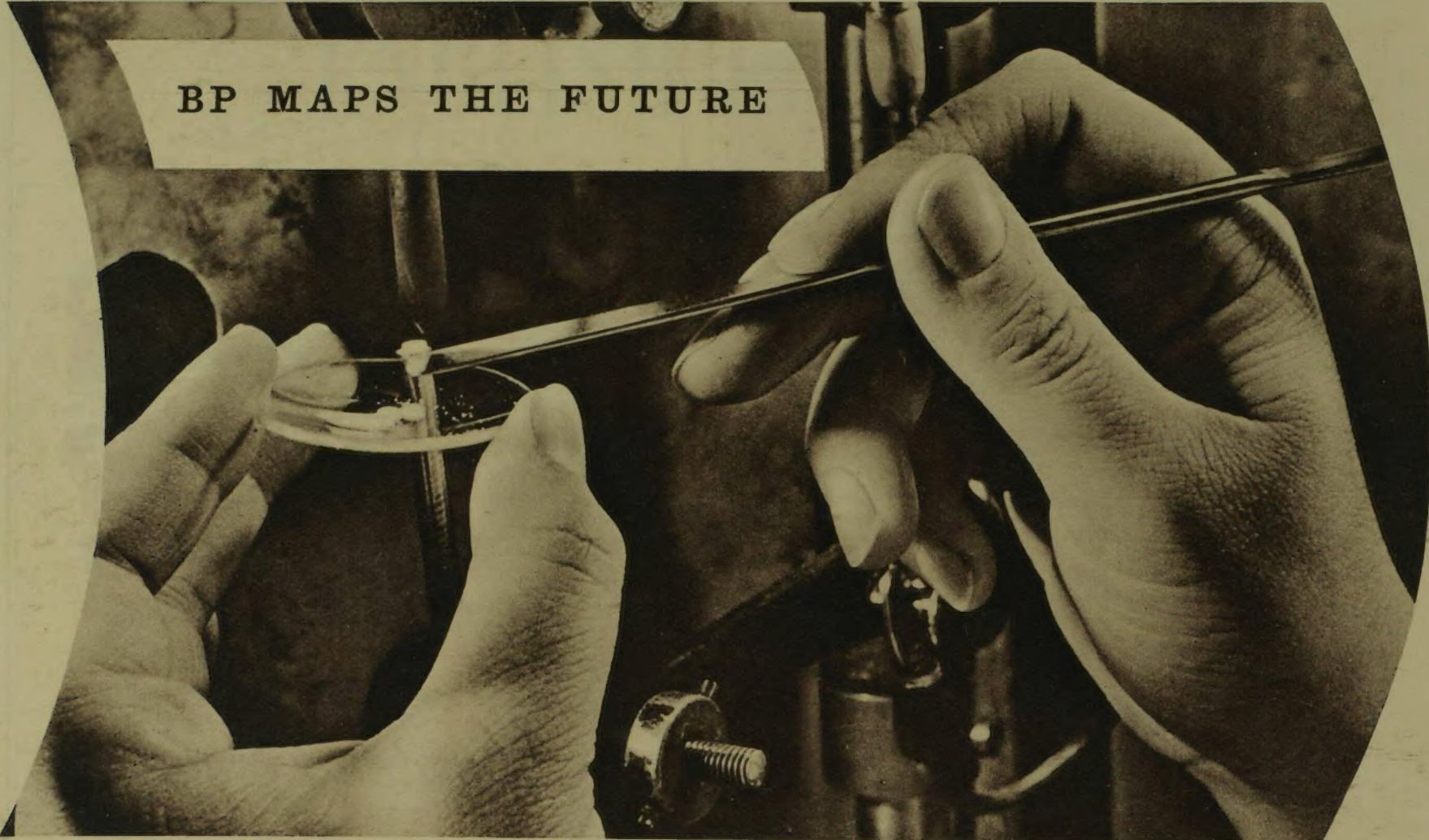
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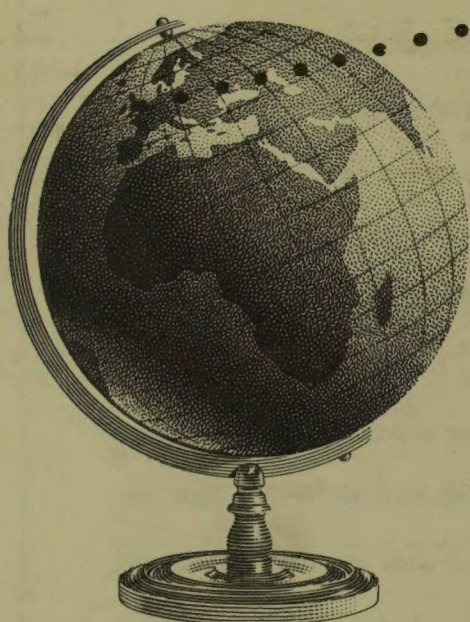
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BP MAPS THE FUTURE

The story of British Petroleum's world-wide activities begins, naturally enough, here in Britain. In this picture a sample of catalyst for use in oil refining is about to be analysed in a spectrometer at the BP Research Station, Sunbury. Catalysts are substances which can cause chemical changes without being changed themselves.



How will these hands shape tomorrow's motoring?

WHOSE HANDS ARE THESE? They are the hands of a chemist at the research station of The British Petroleum Company at Sunbury-on-Thames. One of nearly 1,000 BP research workers whose main task is to conjure more and better products from one single substance – crude petroleum.

Among the many different users of oil products, no one has gained more than motorists and motor-cyclists from the work of these men and women. No one has more to gain in the future. To quote one example, BP Energol 'Visco-static', the all-weather motor oil which reduces engine wear by 80%, was a recent Sunbury triumph. The result of many months of patient research.

In 1917 Sunbury Research Station began with one modest house. Now it occupies thirty-nine acres and is still expanding. Besides its laboratory and development work, Sunbury carries out the most exhaustive proving-tests of BP products and processes. The latest major addition to its resources is a motor fuels engine-test laboratory, where cars can be tested at speeds up to more than 100 m.p.h. under temperature and humidity conditions equivalent to the most extreme tropical climates.

Thus, constant research ensures the supreme quality of BP products for use all over the world, and even more efficient fuels and oils for the engines of tomorrow. At Sunbury, the future takes shape today.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1957.



IN PARIS ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE N.A.T.O. SUMMIT MEETING: SOME OF THE FOURTEEN HEADS OF GOVERNMENT. FACING THE CAMERA ARE MR. MACMILLAN (L.), PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND M. SPAAK (R.)

The four-day summit meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation opened in Paris on December 16. The talks took place in the Palais de Chaillot, and at the large round table were fourteen Heads of Government of N.A.T.O. countries, the Portuguese Minister representing Dr. Salazar, and M. Spaak, the President of the Council. The discussions began at 12.30 p.m. and continued, with two intervals, until 8 p.m. Many of the speakers emphasised the peaceful

aims of the alliance, while President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles reaffirmed their obligation to defend their allies, and spoke of proposals for increased American economic and military aid. They also said that America was prepared to take part in the forming of a N.A.T.O. "atomic stockpile" and to make available intermediate-range ballistic missiles. Another photograph of the N.A.T.O. discussions appears elsewhere in this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE corporate feelings of soldiers—called on the battlefield morale—are very little considered in peacetime in this country except by soldiers themselves. Soldiers have seldom been popular in Britain, which is curious, for in no country in the world have soldiers been habitually so orderly, good-mannered and subservient to the civil arm and in none more valiant and dependable in the hour of national need and adversity. There was a short time in the seventeenth century, just before our Regular Army's history began, when a little group of partisan and sectarian soldiers governed England under the dictator, Oliver Cromwell, and as their rule—they were called Major-Generals—was detested by almost everyone except themselves, the British Army, founded a few years later by that naughty but, on the whole, peaceably inclined monarch, Charles II, started its existence so far as public opinion was concerned on a rather bad wicket. Thereafter, though the memory of the Major-Generals' drill-sergeant and mission-hall rule gradually faded, the Army was regarded with a good deal of jealousy both by Parliament and the country, partly because the existence of a standing Army seemed to constitute a threat to parliamentary liberties and partly because under Louis XIV—for half a century Bugbear No. 1 to Englishmen—a professional army had been used to attack and enslave France's neighbours and suppress religious freedom at home. Yet the very service that the British Army did under Dutch William and Marlborough in fighting down the Grand Monarch's bid for universal dominion won it the respect of Englishmen, and by the middle of the eighteenth century when Sterne wrote his "Tristram Shandy" he was able to present those characteristic English soldiers, Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, as not unsympathetic types. And during that century and the long succession of wars against monarchical, revolutionary and Napoleonic France, the British Army won in every part of the world a wonderful succession of battle honours—Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet, Dettingen, Plassey, Quebec, Minden, Gibraltar, Assaye, Alexandria, Maida, Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, Waterloo—that raised it, despite its small size, to the highest pinnacle of military glory. And though during the nineteenth century the social standard of the private soldier—so often then recruited from the gutter and the public-house—was pathetically low, Britain had every reason to be proud of its little Regular Army and, above all, of the historic regiments, rich in memories of sacrifice and brotherhood, which formed it. On the outbreak of the First World War in 1914 that small professional army, by its valour and skill at Mons, Le Cateau, Marne, Aisne and, above all, at First Ypres—one of the epic battles of history—played a major part in saving mankind from the Prussian jackboot.

Yet during that war and the Second World War that followed it, the Army's popularity suffered through the necessity of putting two whole generations of Britons into khaki. Most of those who served temporarily, particularly in front-line fighting units, learnt to understand and honour the professional soldier and his rather gruff, rigid ways, but a minority, including a very literate and vocal minority, found soldiering distasteful and avenged itself by reviling the Army. This tendency has been still more marked during the period of conscription that followed the Second World War. In the popular national Press to-day the Army is nearly always treated either with hostility or jocularly. There has therefore been little understanding of the shattering blow struck at regimental morale and pride by the recent reform or, rather, revolution imposed on the Army by the present Minister of Defence and his

lieutenant, the Secretary of State for War. No fewer than thirty of the historic regiments of the British Line of Infantry are shortly to lose their identity and to be amalgamated into what will virtually be new regiments, including all the great fighting regiments of the West Country—the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the Somerset Light Infantry, the Devons, the Wiltshires, the Dorsets—"primus in Indis" and the first or almost the first on D-Day. Their proposed extinction, if their amalgamation must be regarded as such, has passed almost unnoticed, even, judging by the local newspapers, in the West Country itself.

Fortunately, by a strange and rather inexplicable paradox, Scottish soldiers—and regiments—have always been regarded with much more sympathy by the British public, nine-tenths of whom are English, than English soldiers and regiments. But for the enforced marriage of two famous Scottish regiments—the Royal Scots Fusiliers and the Highland Light Infantry—the sense of loss and bewilderment that these drastic reforms and economies (for it is this that lies at



NOVELIST, PUBLISHER, BIOGRAPHER AND BIBLIOPHILE: THE LATE MR. MICHAEL SADLEIR.

Mr. Michael Sadleir, who died on December 15, aged sixty-eight, achieved success in many fields. As a novelist with such books as "Fanny by Gaslight" and "Forlorn Sunset"; as a biographer with his "Trollope: A Commentary" which was immediately recognised as a standard work; as a bibliophile with a superb library of first editions and a collection of Victorian fiction; and as a publisher in the firm of Constable, of which he had been a director since 1920.

their root) are inflicting on thousands of devoted professional soldiers would be almost completely unrealised by the country. But the War Office, having given instructions to the colonels of these two regiments—neither of which, for reasons of Scottish history, geography and population found the proposed marriage at all agreeable—to do their best to reach agreement as to the means of amalgamation, and the colonels and working parties set up by the two regiments having conscientiously hammered out a formula that met, so far as was possible, their joint wishes and needs, the War Office has announced its rejection of the apparently reasonable compromise reached that the new regiment should wear the kilt hitherto worn by one of the parent regiments and the tartan borne by the other. And, as the colonels have pointed out in reply that the whole measure of agreement reached by the two regiments turns on this particular compromise, the War Office has peremptorily insisted on the resignation of the colonels—one of them the leader of the British airborne troops at Arnhem—and so made the whole matter a public issue.

Now there are, no doubt, many good reasons for the War Office's objections to this particular regiment wearing the kilt—reasons of administrative

uniformity, economy, convenience. Knowing little of them, it would be wrong in a layman to suggest that they are of no importance. But I would also suggest, with all deference, that there is an argument on the side of the champions of regimental tradition and distinguishing idiosyncrasy still more compelling. There is only one ultimate reason for having an Army at all. It is that, if war comes, the men who comprise it will be schooled and steeled to win or die, and that, because they habitually refuse to consider any other alternative, will, in fact, in the end win. That is what, in war after war and against the calamitous odds entailed on them by our peacetime national attributes of electoral indifference and Treasury parsimony, our soldiers have done. Our lot and that of the Free World would be very different to-day had they not done so. And contrary to the belief of most administrators, fortitude of this order is an even harder virtue to inculcate in men than administrative efficiency and tidiness. It is not the regulations and rules of the War Office that will save Britain and her cause if another war comes. It is the men in the battle line—the officers, N.C.O.s and men of the regiments the War Office exists to maintain. If the officers of a particular regiment, as a result of practical battle experience, believe that their men will fight better because of some distinctive badge, article of dress or custom that evokes in them pride of corps and valour on the battlefield, he must be a very short-sighted and unimaginative administrator who would seek to deprive them of it. On the contrary, in such a case he ought to use every effort to preserve the idiosyncrasies that make a great fighting regiment. "The Royal Welch Fusiliers?" remarked Wellington when a fatal gap needed filling in a closely-fought battle, "that is the very thing!" At such moments there is all the difference in the world between a unit whose morale may falter and one whose morale is proof against the worst that can happen. The reason why British infantry have so repeatedly saved their country in adversity is because so many of its regiments—at one time or another all its regiments—have possessed in battle just this kind of morale. To a Saxon civilian a kilt may seem an absurd article of attire and a tartan an anachronistic triviality unworthy of the consideration of a rational man. To a Scottish lad in the hour of battle the thought of it and of his regiment's historic pride may be the one consideration—such strange, illogical creatures men are!—that in the last resort enables him to overcome fear, nausea, pain, cold, hunger and exhaustion and stand fast by his duty and allegiance where, without that hallowed thought and memory, he would give up in despair or fly. And, by doing so, condemn a great Empire to defeat, surrender, ruin and slavery. I know that to anyone but a soldier all this must sound ridiculous, but it is so. "The sailor has his ship," that very shrewd soldier and trainer of soldiers, Douglas Wimberley—commander of the Highland Division at Alamein—once observed, "the airman his machine, the gunner his gun, the cavalryman his horse, or tank, but the infantryman has nothing to sustain him in battle but his morale." It is the regiment, and the pride and *esprit de corps* the regiment inculcates, that give him morale. One can only hope that these considerations will cause political, civilian and military reformers, whom one knows are actuated by the highest public motives, to have second thoughts and to deal tenderly, even at the expense of logic, tidiness and bureaucratic pride, with the irrational but deeply-rooted feelings of those on whose *esprit de corps*, comradeship and proud spirit on the battlefield the safety of this country may one day again depend.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT IN PARIS: AT THE N.A.T.O. SUMMIT MEETING, AND OTHER OCCASIONS.



AT THE OPENING PUBLIC SESSION: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER MAKING HIS FORCEFUL SPEECH IN THE PALAIS DE CHAILLOT.

Magnum-NATO Photo-coverage (Brian Brake).



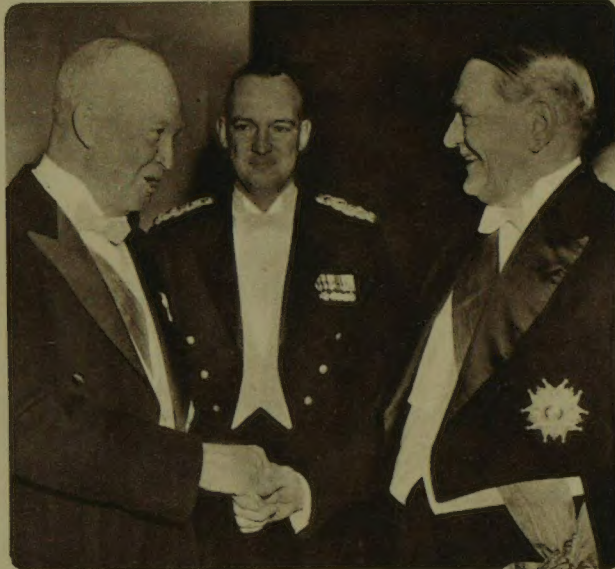
DURING HIS VISIT TO SUPREME ALLIED HEADQUARTERS, WHERE HE WAS THE FIRST COMMANDER FROM 1950 TO 1952: MR. EISENHOWER WITH (RIGHT) GENERAL NORSTAD.



AT AN EVENING RECEPTION DURING THE CONFERENCE: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN CONVERSATION WITH THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, M. GAILLARD.



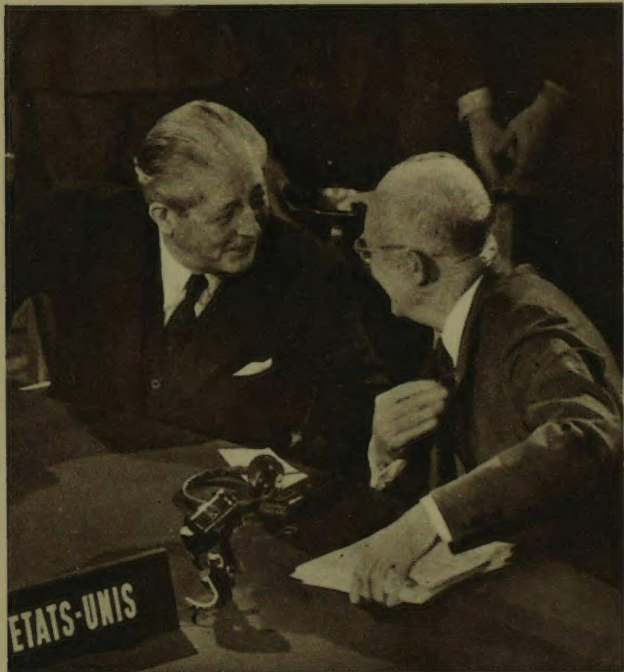
DURING ONE OF THE CONFERENCES: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ADJUSTING HIS EARPHONES, WITH MR. DULLES AND (LEFT) MR. MACMILLAN.



AT THE BANQUET AT THE ELYSEE PALACE ON DECEMBER 17: PRESIDENT COTY OF FRANCE GREETING PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.



RECEIVING THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR AND FOREIGN MINISTER: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH DR. ADENAUER (LEFT) AND DR. VON BRENTANO.



ONE OF THE LIGHTER MOMENTS DURING THE CONFERENCE: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER DISCUSSING AN AMUSING POINT WITH MR. MACMILLAN.

THE second day (December 17) of the N.A.T.O. summit meeting in Paris opened with a meeting of the Foreign Ministers, at which a number of subjects, first discussed the day before, were considered. Among these were disarmament, German reunification, the Middle East and relations between N.A.T.O. and other organisations such as the Baghdad Pact and S.E.A.T.O. The results of these talks were submitted to the Prime Ministers at a session in the afternoon, and at the end of this meeting a drafting committee for the final communiqué was appointed. In the evening, M. Spaak,

(Continued opposite.)



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER TALKING WITH THE DUTCH MINISTER OF DEFENCE, MR. STAF, LEFT.

Magnum-NATO Photo-coverage (Brian Brake).



A PRIVATE MEETING DURING THE N.A.T.O. SUMMIT TALKS: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER GREETING MR. MACMILLAN.

Continued.] the Secretary-General, disclosed that during the day's detailed disarmament discussions, in spite of the Soviet boycott of the U.N. talks, it was generally hoped that efforts to resume discussions with Russia would be continued. In the morning, President Eisenhower visited Supreme Allied Headquarters, near Versailles, where he was the first Supreme Commander from 1950 to 1952. He was greeted there by General Norstad, the present Commander. In the evening, although absent at the reception the night before, he attended the banquet given by President Coty.

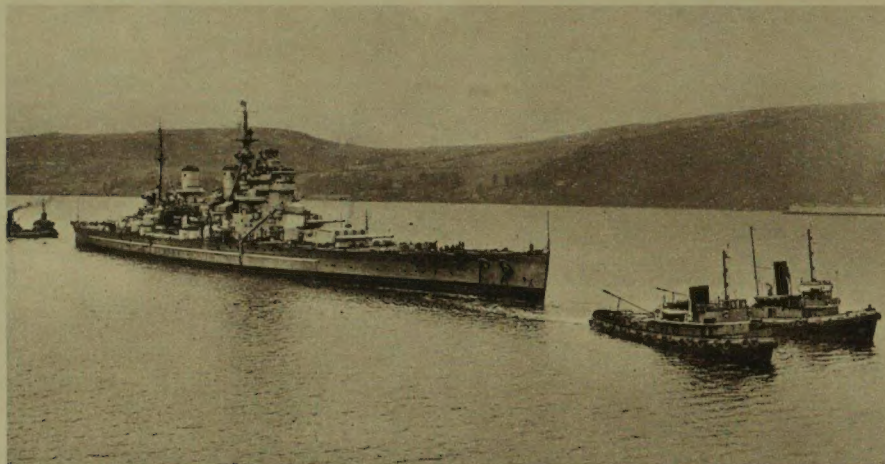
N.A.T.O. LEADERS; MATTERS MARITIME; ROYAL AND OFFICIAL OCCASIONS.



LIKE THE GODS ON OLYMPUS: THE LEADERS OF N.A.T.O., HEADS OR REPRESENTATIVES OF FIFTEEN NATIONS, IN PARIS.

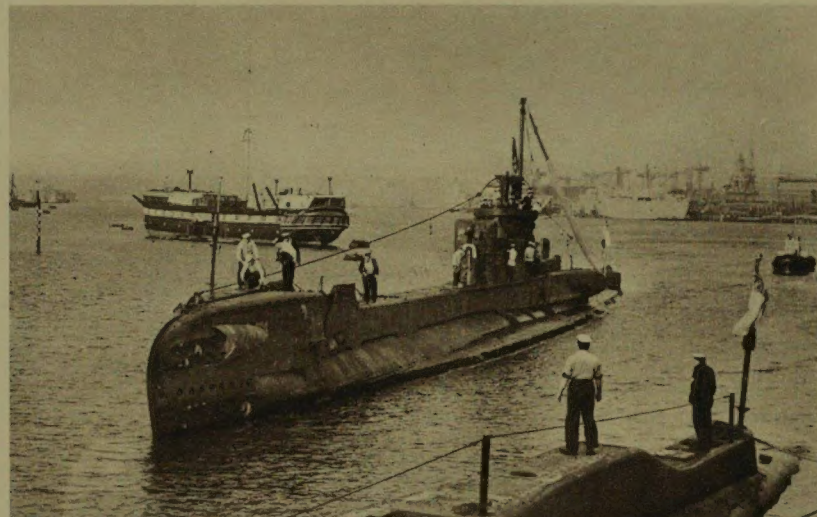
Reading from left to right the photograph shows: Prime Minister Van Acker of Belgium; Prime Minister Diefenbaker of Canada; Prime Minister Hansen of Denmark; Prime Minister Gaillard of France; Chancellor Adenauer of West Germany; Prime Minister Karamanlis of Greece; Prime Minister Jonasson of Iceland; Prime Minister Zoli of Italy; M. Spaak,

the Secretary-General; Prime Minister Bech of Luxembourg, the Chairman of the meeting; Foreign Minister Luns of the Netherlands; Prime Minister Gerhardsen of Norway; Foreign Minister Cunha of Portugal; Prime Minister Menderes of Turkey; Prime Minister Macmillan of the U.K.; and President Eisenhower of the United States.



FAREWELL TO A BATTLESHIP: H.M.S. ANSON (45,360 TONS) BEING TOWED TO FASLANE, IN THE GARELOCH, WHERE SHE IS TO BE BROKEN UP.

It was officially announced in the 1957-58 Navy Estimates that all four battleships of the "King George V" class will be scrapped. They are *Anson* (45,360 tons), *Duke of York* (44,790 tons), *Howe* (44,510 tons) and *King George V* (44,460 tons). The sole survivor of our great battleships will be H.M.S. *Vanguard*.



BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST SUBMARINE TO SAIL ROUND THE WORLD: H.M.S. THOROUGH BERTHING AT GOSPORT.

On December 16, when the 1090-ton submarine H.M.S. *Thorough* berthed at Gosport after circumnavigating the globe, almost the first official news received on board was that she was to be scrapped. H.M.S. *Thorough* was returning home after eight years' service with the Fourth Submarine Squadron in Australian waters.



AT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE STATION AT UXBRIDGE: THE MAYOR OF UXBRIDGE OPENING THE CEREMONIAL GATES CONSTRUCTED BY R.A.F. TRAINEES.

On December 16 the Mayor of Uxbridge, Alderman S. L. Meggeson, officially opened the ceremonial gates, called St. Andrew's Gate, at the Royal Air Force station there. The gates were constructed by No. 8 School of Technical Training, R.A.F., as a training exercise. Sixty-five trainees worked on the gates.

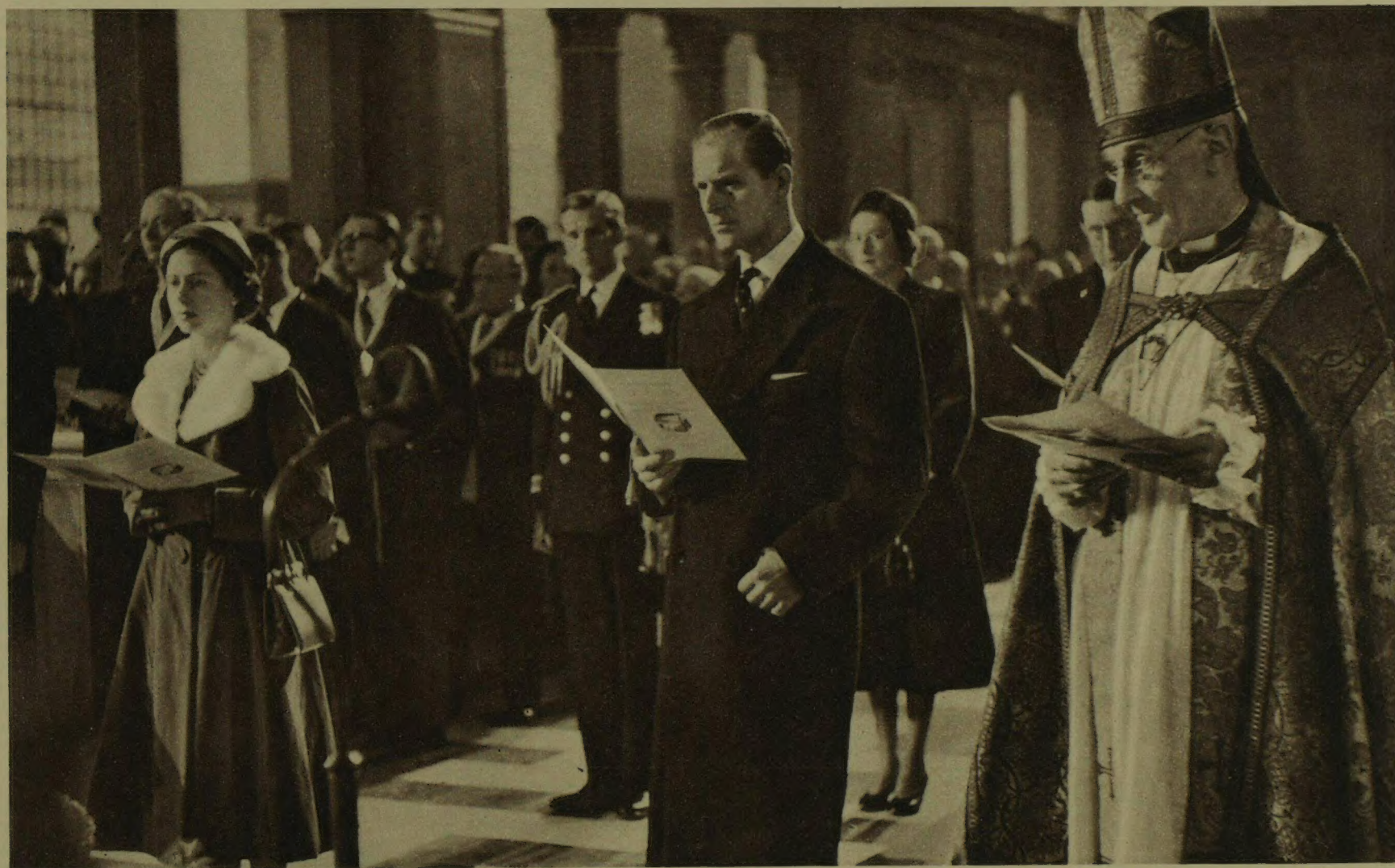


THE QUEEN VISITS THE TIMES: HER MAJESTY WITH LORD ASTOR OF HEVER (LEFT), THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND MR. JOHN WALTER IN THE OFFICES OF THE TIMES.

On December 16 the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, visited *The Times*, in Printing House Square, and made a tour of the editorial and printing offices. In the machine room the Queen pressed the button that started up the presses on which the first edition of the next day's issue was printed. The Royal visitors were received by Lord Astor of Hever, chairman of *The Times* Publishing Company, and Mr. John Walter, deputy chairman.



AT ST. BRIDE'S: H.M. THE QUEEN UNVEILING THE REREDOS COMMEMORATING GOVERNOR EDWARD WINSLOW AND THE PILGRIM FATHERS.



DURING THE REDEDICATION SERVICE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN ST. BRIDE'S WITH THE BISHOP OF LONDON (RIGHT).

THE QUEEN AT ST. BRIDE'S: THE REDEDICATION OF FLEET STREET'S REBUILT "PARISH CHURCH."

On Thursday, December 19, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the rededication service of Fleet Street's restored Church of St. Bride. It was almost exactly seventeen years after it had been destroyed by bombs. At the West Door the Royal visitors were met by the Bishop of London, the Rt. Rev. Montgomery Campbell, and the Master of the Guild of St. Bride, Lord Astor of Hever. The Queen and the Duke then made their way in procession to the reredos, which the Queen unveiled and the Rector, the

Rev. Cyril Armitage, read the dedication "To the Glory of God and the memory of Edward Winslow and all who sailed across the sea in the *Mayflower*. . . ." Governor Edward Winslow, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, was an apprenticed printer in Fleet Street, whose parents were married in the church in 1594. After the service the Queen and the Duke looked at the interior of the restored church and spoke to Mr. Godfrey Allen, the architect who has rebuilt this lovely church on the lines of Wren's original design.



LONDON PUBS—FROM DOCKLAND TO THE WEST END.

"THE OLD INNS OF LONDON": By LOUIS T. STANLEY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS book, naturally, has had predecessors. I used to possess a little early eighteenth-century book called "The Malt-Worm's Vademecum" which covered much the same ground, though I seem to remember that the author was more interested in refreshment than in architecture, antiquity, or the amenities. Thomas Burke, in "The English Inn," did not ignore the pleasanter survivals in London, and London inns were the entire theme of H. E. Popham's "The Taverns in the Town," which, to the best of my recollection, quartered London with the resolution and system of a sporting dog, and mentioned far more than Mr. Stanley's hundred-odd establishments. And, although I cannot now verify it, my copy having gone in the air-raids, I suppose that some London hostelries must have been mentioned in Sir Albert Richardson's "The Old Inns of England," issued by Messrs. Batsford many years ago, and now, I am glad to see, in its sixth edition. I don't suppose that many London inns were mentioned, however. Sir Albert is a famous architect, a man of taste, and a patriot: to him "an old inn" implies an ancient structure, whatever the incidental appurtenances or surroundings, history, and anecdotal associations.

The sort of hostelries which were shown in his noble great series of illustrations were places like The Angel at Grantham (where I rather think that Richard III reposed on the way to Bosworth), the Pilgrim's Inn at Glastonbury (which has been standing there since before that holiest and most beautiful of monasteries was destroyed, and its poor old abbot dragged to death by the most pitiless King who ever sat on the English throne), and the lovely little George at Norton Saint Philip, not far from Bath. But the man writing about the "old inns" of the capital to-day would find himself hard put to it if he confined his attention to houses of ancient structure. What with the attentions of brewers, improvers, fires, authorities deciding redundancy, and Germans there are very few left of even modest antiquity. An author like Mr. Stanley, therefore, has to think of the word "old" as merely implying age of licence, or a continuity of name.

For there is little left in London, structurally, in the way of ancient inns; and of mediæval, which are to be found scattered all over the countryside, virtually nothing. In the near neighbourhood of London there are still really ancient survivals. At Colnbrook, mercifully bypassed more than thirty years ago, there is a beautiful old house which is reputed to have existed since the days of King John (whose name, I hope, will be rescued from disrepute by some successor of our present Sovereign, when deciding how to christen his or her son); at St. Albans there is the enchanting old Fighting Cocks. That is a place well worth a visit. It isn't only a matter of its odd shape and the reputed enormous antiquity of its licence—the myth is rather like that which imputes the establishment of Cambridge University to a Prince Brut who escaped the burning of Troy. But the approach to it is beautiful. One arrives at St. Albans with its

busy market-place. One goes through an arch to that noble old Abbey which has a long nave as enchanting as that of Vézelay, and then down over a grass slope to a lake whereby stands what may or may not be the most ancient inn in England. Inside it, for all I know to the contrary, may be found long-haired young men and short-haired young women, both parties in primrose-coloured jumpers and grey flannel trousers, or corduroys: but that doesn't matter: we were all young once.

Such inns cannot be found by Mr. Stanley, or anyone else, in London. When he applies himself to the word "old," about the oldest thing he can find is The George in Southwark, which still has the remains of its gallery. Beyond that his oldest things are houses which survived the Great Fire and were newly-built afterwards. Conspicuous amongst these is the George and Vulture in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill.

Well, it is one of the numerous houses associated with Charles Dickens—whose name occurs as freely in these pages as those of Charles II and Dick Turpin. I have just finished the "Pickwick Papers," once more (of which I am as great an addict as that perfect essayist, Mr. Bernard

ways, agreeable corners where a man can take his pint and think of the past, or even of a better future. Mr. Stanley, who has compiled a kind of gazetteer, mentions The Tiger on Tower Hill. This is his entry: "Legend and fact are liable to be mixed in the neighbourhood of Tower Hill. We are asked to believe that Queen Elizabeth, when Princess and a prisoner in the Tower, was in the habit of visiting The Tiger through a secret tunnel, ostensibly to play with the landlord's cat. Not only is the tunnel produced as evidence, but we can also examine the mummified remains of the cat."

I don't know how recently Mr. Stanley may have visited The Tiger. Some of the items in his catalogue of inns suggest that he may have been doing a rapid survey in order to fit in with a series of illustrations: some do not. Some are careless, some silly, some produce real historic information. He says of two inns, far apart, that they were the last places at which criminals had a bowl of ale on their way to Tyburn; and then he says, of an ugly place which looks as though it were built out of a child's magnified box-of-bricks: "World's End, 459, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.10: A noted tavern in the reign of Charles II, though the tea-gardens and extensive buildings for which it was famed have now gone. It attracted a fashionable, pleasure-loving clientele. Congreve refers to it in his comedy 'Love for Love.' During a dialogue between Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail, the former accuses the latter

of having been seen at The World's End." The author then quotes, "Then to the 'World's End,' a drinking-house by the Park; and there merry, and so home late." The far end of the King's Road is nowhere near the Park and, indeed, Mr. Stanley seems to have doubts about the connection.

"London, thou art the flower of cities all!" wrote Dunbar, nearly 500 years ago. So she was; the Fire half-destroyed her; the eighteenth-century planners refurbished her;

but she has been going down the drain ever since, especially in my lifetime.

I can't think that many of our Twentieth Century Inns will be written about by our posterity as "Inns of Old England." Meanwhile, I must express my gratitude to Messrs. Batsford for using as their cover-design a coloured picture of The Grenadier, the little inn, with steps rising to it, which lies between Knightsbridge and Wilton Crescent. It is long since I have seen that quiet corner; but a man told me, ages ago, that when the aged Duke of Wellington, within a year of his death, was supervising the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, he would ride round the alley, dismount, and take his half-pint out of a leather bottle.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1146 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. LOUIS T. STANLEY. Mr. Louis T. Stanley, who was born in 1912, is an economist and is also the author of over thirty books, including "Life in Cambridge," "The Beauty of Woman," "The London Season," "Germany After the War," and a number of books on golf, of which his latest is entitled "Swing to Better Golf."



A CHELSEA TAVERN WITH A NAME WHICH TRADITION CLAIMS AROSE FROM THE HAZARDS THAT WERE LIABLE TO BE ENCOUNTERED IF IT WAS VISITED BY ROAD: THE WORLD'S END, KING'S ROAD. Hulton Picture Library.



AN INN WITH AN UNUSUAL NAME WHICH HAS CONNECTIONS WITH PEPYS AND JUDGE JEFFREYS: THE PROSPECT OF WHITBY, WAPPING. [Hulton Picture Library.]

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Old Inns of London"; by courtesy of the publisher, Batsford.

Darwin), and in the course of my perusal I found Mr. Weller, Senr., exhorting his party to repair to the "George and Vulture." I can never forget my first visit to that historic place, about forty years ago. I was in charge of E. V. Lucas, a man much senior to me, and a great lover of nooks and corners, here and abroad. He found that I had never been to the "George and Vulture" and took me there to dinner. The *hors d'œuvres* took time in approaching. Lucas beckoned the head-waiter, as aged as Dickens's head-waiters but far crustier, and said (in the terminology of the time), "I say, George!" The crusty waiter, who must have felt the onset of democracy, said, "My name's not George!" Lucas replied: "Well, Vulture then!" and the crusty old creature collapsed.

There still remain in London, for him who doesn't mind going into by-ways as well as high-

* "The Old Inns of London." By Louis T. Stanley. Illustrated. (Batsford; 2rs.)

THE END OF A THEATRE; SEASONABLE PICTURES FROM THREE COUNTRIES; AND OTHER ITEMS.



ICE ON THE PENGUIN POND AT THE LONDON ZOO DURING THE RECENT COLD SPELL: DIGNIFIED KING PENGUINS LOOKING ON AS ONE OF A DIFFERENT SPECIES SCRAMBLES ACROSS THE BROKEN ICE.



THE END OF A GREAT THEATRE: THE DESOLATE PROSCENIUM ARCH OF THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE AS DEMOLITION PROCEEDS. AT AN AUCTION SALE IN NOVEMBER THE CONTENTS OF THE DOOMED THEATRE REALISED ONLY £900.



ANGELS GO SHOPPING, WITH THE SPIRES OF THE DUOMO IN THE BACKGROUND: CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS IN THE GALLERIA DI MILANO. A MODISH ANGEL WITH SHOPPING CARTON.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER REHEARSING FOR "PETER PAN," WHICH OPENED AT THE SCALA THEATRE, LONDON, ON DECEMBER 20: MARGARET LOCKWOOD, IN THE NAME PART, AND HER SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER JULIA, PLAYING WENDY.



AT A CEREMONY AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA, ON DECEMBER 17: A FRENCH EAGLE STANDARD RETURNED TO THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS. A French eagle standard captured by the Royal Welch Fusiliers in Martinique in 1809 was returned to the regiment at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, where it has been in safe keeping. It was received from Sir Cameron Nicholson, Governor of the Royal Hospital (left), by General Sir Hugh Stockwell, Colonel of the Regiment (right).



SPRAYING BY FLOODLIGHT: A DEMONSTRATION STAGED IN KENT AT NIGHT-TIME, AS BY DAY THE SPRAY IS SO FINE AS TO BE INVISIBLE AND ONLY COMES INTO SIGHT WHEN PICKED UP IN A BEAM OF LIGHT.



SHOPPING ON "SILVER SUNDAY": CROWDS OF SHOPPERS IN THE MARIAHILFSTRASSE, VIENNA, ON THE SECOND SUNDAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS WHEN THE SHOPS KEEP OPEN TO CATCH THE CHRISTMAS TRADE.

THE older military forces of the nations could prevent or right wrongs, though they could also commit or maintain them. The new weapons have not prevented the infliction of wrongs, as in Hungary, but they would seem to have made it virtually impossible to prevent or right them. The more the power of these new weapons expands, the more absolute is the paralysis which overcomes those nations which might otherwise have intervened in the cause of justice. Then even a little enterprise to support, in fulfilment of pledges, old friends, such as those of Britain in Southern Arabia, takes on a perilous guise. And Britain is a powerful nation, part of a powerful Commonwealth. When injustice falls on a weak nation its case becomes hopeless. And even its friends urge compromise and advise grinning and bearing.

These reflections are aroused by events in Indonesia. It is not easy for the Dutch to grin or to bear the indignities and the sufferings to which their nationals, whether of their own race or mixed, are being subjected. Yet what is happening in Indonesia is not directed against the Dutch alone. It is also a threat to the West. The Government of the Netherlands had this situation in mind when it appealed for solidarity in face of the threat. This appeal does not seem to have met a very hearty response from governments and has even been condemned by some of the pinker publicists. The threat is not confined to the dispossession of people of European nationality. It involves also the use of the stolen assets to set up Communism in a vital strategic area.

The Dutch have had hard times in that quarter. This is not the place to discuss whether they could in any event have stayed there. They were, however, hustled out unceremoniously, the push coming in part from our own country. They were grieved, but did not become embittered on this score. Now new woes have befallen them, and these take the form of attacks on private citizens. The peaceful business community has been despoiled, imperilled, and sometimes maltreated. By ship and aircraft yet another body of refugees is pouring out from Java. The products of their industry and their possessions—

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE INDONESIAN TANGLE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

that of living on the other islands, sparsely inhabited by comparison, but in some cases very rich in raw materials. The custom has arisen in this region (*vide* Siam, Viet Nam) of the army taking over affairs in times of confusion or discontent. The army has done so thoroughly in Indonesia. In the vast island of Sumatra, in Borneo, and in Celebes the army has broken away from the central Government and set up



TALKING TO THE PRESS AT JAKARTA ON FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, AND DENYING A REPORT THAT HE WAS THE "PRISONER OF THE ARMY": PRESIDENT SUKARNO, WHO IS TO TAKE A HOLIDAY SHORTLY IN AN UNNAMED NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY.

The anti-Dutch campaign in Indonesia—which is linked with the Indonesian claims for Dutch New Guinea—has resulted in the seizure of much Dutch property in the republic and the departure of large numbers of Dutch nationals by air and sea. The liner *Waterman* left Surabaya on December 18 with 700 Dutch refugees. The state of tension has caused severe food shortages in many areas of Java.

There is on record a vote of the Political Committee of the United Nations inviting a resumption of the abandoned negotiations about New Guinea. Another vote in this sense obtained a majority in the General Assembly, but not the necessary two-thirds majority. I am certain the United States abstained, though there is

no time to find the reference before this article goes to press. Columbia is apt to lift her skirts when there is any sign of colonial mud in the road. And yet—could there be a muddier sort of colonialism than the Indonesian claim to New Guinea? The broadest and simplest ethnic division is into white, yellow and black types. In this the yellow type extends into the Molucca Sea, and New Guinea must be labelled "black type." The virtuous anti-colonial Indonesia has not the slightest ethnic claim to New Guinea.

In these circumstances the remark of one British commentator that Indonesia "can hardly be expected to tolerate relics of colonialism" rings oddly. Perhaps oddly is not an adequate word. He may be right in suggesting that the Netherlands would be well advised to reopen negotiations, or offer to, since there is no guarantee that she would get any support worth the name if Indonesia were to proceed to extremities over New Guinea. Personally I feel that it is only a matter of time before this occurs, and that its likelihood has been increased by the attitude of the world to what has already happened.

The growth of Communism and the possibility of its seizing power in Java is a real danger. It would drive a big wedge into S.E.A.T.O. Yet it is to be hoped that there will be no attempt this time to buy off Communism. It is open to doubt whether this is ever a satisfactory market operation, but not open to doubt that a good deal of blackmail has been practised in the past by countries threatening to "go Communist" if not paid heavily to abstain from so doing. As I ventured to disagree recently on one or two points with Mr. George Kennan in his Reith Lectures, I have all the more pleasure in saying how much I agree with him on this



AMONG DUTCH PROPERTY SEIZED IN JAKARTA: THE YACHTING CLUB, WHOSE WALLS ARE DISFIGURED WITH NUMEROUS ANTI-DUTCH SLOGANS.



A DUTCH HOME IN A JAKARTA SUBURB NOW DESCRIBED AS PREDOMINANTLY COMMUNIST, WHERE WALLS AND WINDOWS HAVE BEEN DEFAECED WITH SLOGANS.

certainly their immovables—have been taken from them. On bank buildings, for example, sign-boards announce that they have been taken over by Indonesia.

The ostensible cause is the Indonesian demand for Dutch New Guinea. Were it completely justified it would still not excuse the action of Indonesia. In fact, this claim has been revived as a piece of political tactics, an effort to prevent the complete collapse of a State never really united, still more to enhance the prestige of a discredited and corrupt Government, by providing a rallying-point. In this it has so far failed, but it provides the only hope of diverting attention from that Government's failure to govern, and will therefore presumably be continued. The Dutch community is suffering largely for the sake of unpopular and incompetent Javanese politicians.

Java is the centre of population, and so naturally of policy. Its economic policy has been

separate administrations of its own. Little is known about them, but they seem to be fairly well established and the central Government has apparently no means of dealing with them except by propaganda.

The army, on the other hand, has so far not tried to establish its influence in Java. It has in some cases protected Dutch citizens from hooligans. It is known to be opposed to Communism, which is viewed with friendly eyes, if not encouraged, by that very experienced fellow-traveller, President Sukarno. Beyond this stage it has not gone, so far as a distant eye can discern. Whether the President could muster a reliable force for the invasion of New Guinea, whether he has even entertained such a project, is unknown. But he must find it encouraging that the ugly and cruel treatment of the Dutch has been in general so mildly received by the civilised world. He would not lack support in Java for any venture he might undertake.

one, and how admirable I found his examination of it.

While the world remains in its present state, while the nations are so distracted and uncertain in their policies, while they feel they must remain spectators of robbery and oppression because to make the smallest move against them might bring worse evils upon all, it may be impossible to avoid incidents as humiliating to it as that which is now occurring in Indonesia. But do not let us pretend that this is a normal or desirable state of affairs. Let us rather admit that it is a discreditable one. Face-saving and cant on the subject afford no protection. They can be recognised as easily by foes as by friends for what they are. An honest recognition and admission of inability to do what ought to be done would bring more respect than the pretence that it is half the victim's fault. It would also help to keep alive determination to work a way out of a situation so intolerable.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



WEST BERLIN. THE RECENTLY BEGUN RECONSTRUCTION OF THE REICHSTAG, WHICH WAS VERY SERIOUSLY DAMAGED DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR: A MODEL OF THE BUILDING AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETE. THE INTERIOR IS TO BE MODERNISED, BUT THE OLD EXTERIOR WILL BE RESTORED.



EAST GERMANY. THE FIRST ATOMIC REACTOR IN EAST GERMANY: THE SCENE AT THE OPENING CEREMONY.

East Germany's first atomic reactor, which is situated near Dresden, was officially opened at a ceremony on December 16. The reactor is in a newly-built centre for research into the peaceful uses of nuclear energy. An official of the centre is seen above speaking at the opening.



THE U.S.S.R. A BRITISH DANCER'S SUCCESS IN MOSCOW: MISS BERYL GREY BEING CONGRATULATED AFTER HER FIRST PERFORMANCE AT THE BOLSHOI THEATRE. Miss Beryl Grey, the British ballerina, took seven curtain calls at the end of her first performance at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow on December 15, when she danced the leading rôle in "Swan Lake." Miss Grey was to dance in Kiev, Tiflis and Leningrad before returning to Moscow.



MOROCCO. WRECKED IN A STORM OFF CASABLANCA ON DECEMBER 12: THE FRENCH CARGO-SHIP PEI HO. U.S. AIR FORCE HELICOPTERS ARE HERE SEEN CARRYING OUT RESCUE OPERATIONS. U.S. Air Force helicopters from bases in Morocco took off the crew of the French 11,000-ton cargo-vessel Pei Ho, which ran aground as she was preparing to put in at Casablanca during a severe storm. Pei Ho soon began to break up under the force of the heavy waves.



ANTARCTICA. SUCCESSFULLY USED BY THE U.S. NAVY IN "OPERATION DEEPFREEZE" - PART OF THE I.G.Y. ACTIVITIES IN ANTARCTICA: A CREVASSE DETECTOR DESIGNED TO OVERCOME THE HAZARDS WHICH CREVASSES CONSTITUTE FOR VEHICLES.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



ITALY. IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF A CRUSH BARRIER DURING A FOOTBALL MATCH IN A FLORENCE STADIUM: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SCENE OF CONFUSION. Seventy people were injured when a grandstand crush barrier collapsed during the match between the local Fiorentina team and Juventus of Turin at Florence, on December 15. A number of the spectators on the upper tier fell on to those below.



SICILY. AFTER AN ACCIDENT IN WHICH NINE CHILDREN AND TWO ADULTS WERE KILLED: THE SCHOOL AT ALTOFONTE, NEAR PALERMO, WHICH COLLAPSED IN A GALE. The gales which swept all over Southern Italy on December 13 caused this tragic accident at Altofonte. The wind brought down the ceiling of the infant school, and the subsequent collapse of the first floor trapped at least fifty young children.



NEPAL. DURING THE CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE MOVEMENT: VOLUNTEERS LYING PROSTRATE AT THE GATES OF THE CENTRAL SECRETARIAT TO STOP EMPLOYEES ATTENDING THEIR OFFICES. A civil disobedience movement was started by the Democratic Front in Nepal on December 6, following the failure of negotiations between their leaders and King Mahendra. The King has now fixed a date for the kingdom's first general elections.

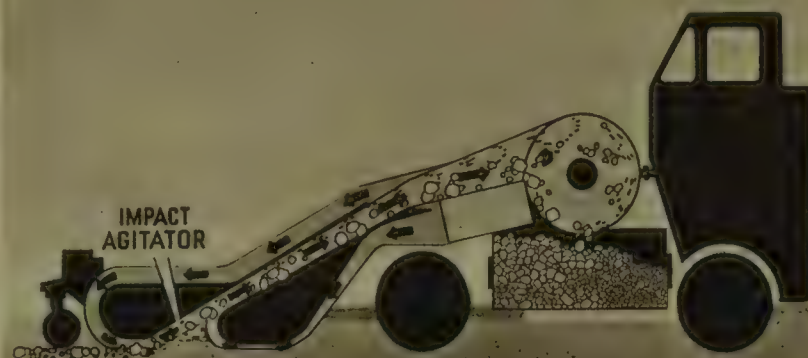


WESTERN PERSIA. AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE WHICH DEVASTATED TWENTY-NINE VILLAGES: RUINED HOUSES AT SARRAB BEING SEARCHED FOR VICTIMS; AND TENTS WHICH WERE ERECTED FOR THE HOMELESS.

On December 16 Persian relief organisations said that 952 bodies had so far been recovered in the areas of Western Persia devastated by an earthquake on December 13. The Governor of Hamadan, in the disaster area, said that 2000 people had been killed. Most of the homes affected were mud huts, and tents were set up for the homeless.



UNITED STATES. ABLE TO CLEAN 1,000,000 SQUARE FEET OF RUNWAY PER HOUR: THE FRUEHAUF COLE-VAC AIRFIELD VACUUM CLEANER BEING DEMONSTRATED IN NEW YORK. The Fruehauf Cole-Vac cleaner has been developed in co-operation with the U.S. Air Force for the important task of the fast and thorough cleaning of runways and taxiways on airfields. Operated by one man, it can clean an entire airfield in two or three hours. Exhaust air from the fan stirs up the particles on the ground, assisting the impact agitator and suction to inject them into the nozzle.



UNITED STATES. MANUFACTURED BY A DETROIT COMPANY: THE FRUEHAUF COLE-VAC AIRFIELD VACUUM CLEANER—A SECTIONAL DRAWING SHOWING HOW IT FIRST AGITATES AND THEN SUCKS UP RUBBISH.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



JORDAN. IN BETHLEHEM: THE CHURCH OF THE SHEPHERDS' FIELDS, BUILT IN THE SHAPE OF A BEDOUIN TENT ON THE PLACE WHERE THE SHEPHERDS HEARD THE GLAD TIDINGS OF CHRIST'S BIRTH AS THEY "WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT."



PARIS. FAST TAKING SHAPE: THE BIGGEST EXHIBITION HALL IN THE CAPITAL WHICH IS BEING BUILT JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY NEAR THE ROND POINT DE LA DEFENSE (A CONTINUATION OF THE AVENUE DE NEUILLY). IT SHOULD BE COMPLETED NEXT YEAR.



THE FRENCH RIVIERA. AFTER FORTY-EIGHT HOURS OF HEAVY RAIN: A SCENE IN THE VILLAGE OF CAGNE-SUR-MER, NEAR NICE, ON DECEMBER 14.

Heavy rain and violent storms in mid-December caused floods and extensive damage in Nice and its neighbourhood. In Nice itself bulldozers had to be used to clear rocks and pebbles which were hurled on to the promenade by the heavy seas.



(Above)
THE FRENCH RIVIERA. DURING A STORM WHICH SWEEPED NICE: HUGE WAVES BREAKING ON THE DESERTED PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS WITH ITS OVERTURNED CHAIRS.



TURKEY. FOUND IN THE RUINS OF A CHURCH NEAR MUT, IN İÇEL: A SMALL SILVER RELIQUARY, PROBABLY DATING FROM THE FIFTH CENTURY A.D.

While on an archaeological expedition in Turkey Mr. M. R. E. Gough was handed this small silver reliquary by a Turkish villager in Mut. The reliquary, which is shaped like a small sarcophagus with a rounded lid, and decorated on every side including the lid, is about 4 ins. long and is now in the museum at Adana. The central medallion of this very important piece shows Christ enthroned and raising His right hand in blessing. The medallion is flanked on either side by a saint.

(Right.)
DENMARK. LOVED BY AN EGYPTIAN CHILD ABOUT 2000 YEARS AGO: A DOLL WHICH WAS RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN COPENHAGEN.

This little doll, with its movable arms and legs, is about 2000 years old and was found in the grave of an Egyptian child. It was recently on view for a week in Denmark at the National Museum in Copenhagen, in an exhibition entitled "Toys Through 4000 Years."



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA. THE GIFT OF CANADA TO AUSTRALIA AND BELIEVED TO BE THE TALLEST UNSUPPORTED FLAGPOLE IN THE WORLD, RECENTLY INSTALLED. At a recent ceremony in Canberra, the Canadian High Commissioner handed over to the Australian Government this 118-ft. flagpole (a Douglas fir spar from British Columbia), which is 20 ft. higher than the similar Canadian gift to the Festival of Britain.



BALI. A DUTCH ACTIVITY WHICH IS STILL WELCOME IN INDONESIA: A BATH, PART OF AN ANCIENT HINDU TEMPLE, REVEALED BY A DUTCH ARCHÆOLOGIST. Learning can sometimes transcend nationalist feelings; and it is reported that the Balinese are begging the Dutch archæologist, J. C. Krijgsman, to stay in Bali and continue his work of excavation and restoration of Balinese antiquities.



HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY. A FLEXIBLE OIL BARGE—A PLASTIC CONTAINER SOME 90 FT. LONG—BEING TESTED IN HAMBURG HARBOUR ON DECEMBER 14. The idea of a flexible oil barge—a long fabric or plastic bag which can be towed at sea—is being developed in both England and Germany. In England Professor Hawthorne and Mr. J. C. Shaw have conducted successful sea trials with a 67-ft.-long example. The German type is compartmented (each compartment containing some air) and enclosed in rope; the British type is a simple bag, without any air in it and with no net encasing.



SPAIN. AS IT STOOD IN THE CATHEDRAL OF VALLADOLID UNTIL ABOUT 1920: THE MAGNIFICENT WROUGHT IRON CHOIR SCREEN RECENTLY RE-ERECTED IN NEW YORK. On the facing page this outstanding piece of Spanish wrought iron work is seen in its new position at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Designed in 1668 and completed in 1764, it stood in the Cathedral of Valladolid until the early 1920's.



FORMERLY ENRICHING A SPANISH CATHEDRAL—AND NOW RE-ERECTED AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK :
THE MAGNIFICENT WROUGHT IRON CHOIR SCREEN FROM THE CATHEDRAL OF VALLADOLID.

The erection of this superb wrought iron choir screen in the Mediæval Sculpture Hall at the Metropolitan Museum of Art was completed in November. 45 ft. high, 47 ft. wide and weighing 60,000 lb., the screen is wonderfully elegant and rhythmical in its design, which dates from 1668. It was completed in 1764, and stood in the centre of the Cathedral at Valladolid until shortly after 1920. (A photograph on the facing page shows the screen in its original position in the Cathedral.) At that time the church authorities at Valladolid

decided to move the screen, and it was then that the late William Randolph Hearst acquired it. He took this masterpiece of Spanish wrought iron work to the United States, but because of its great size he was never able to erect it. Recently the Hearst Foundation presented the screen to the Museum, where the authorities have taken great care over its erection. It has been placed on its original carved limestone base, and stands to-day almost exactly as it stood until its removal from the Cathedral at Valladolid.

JUMPING FOR JOY: MANTAS, OR GREATER DEVIL-FISH, SEEN IN SOME OF

THE MOST REMARKABLE NATURAL HISTORY PHOTOGRAPHS EVER TAKEN.



(Above.)
TWO AWAY AND ONE TO FOLLOW. WHILE WAITING TO MAKE ITS LEAP INTO THE AIR ONE MANTA (CENTRE) HOLDS ON TO THE SURFACE OF THE SEA WITH ITS GREAT "WINGS."

MANTAS, or Greater Devil-Fish (*Manta birostris*), sometimes measure as much as 20 ft. from tip to tip of their "wings" and reach a weight of over a ton. Unlike most rays, these enormous creatures spend much of their time at or near the surface of the sea. They are often seen singly or in pairs, but occasionally small schools of them are encountered. Despite their size and clumsy build, mantas are extremely graceful in the water, through which they seem to fly rather than to swim. At times they appear to turn complete somersaults, and at others they will leap into the air to a height of 10 ft., returning to the water with a sound like thunder which can be heard for miles. One observer has described the jumping of a big manta in these words: "There came out of the darkness, near at hand, a rushing, swishing noise; then a clap as of thunder, which seemed to go

roaring and reverberating away over the reef, like the discharge of a cannon." Although these giant fish have often been heard jumping, they have very seldom actually been seen leaping from the water and the photographs on these pages which show them doing so are some of the most remarkable natural history photographs ever taken. The mantas seen in these photographs were part of a school of over 200, all of which were quite young and only 6 to 10 ft. across. These powerful creatures attained a height of over 10 ft. on each leap and seemed to be jumping out of the water for the sheer joy of doing so, in much the same way as dolphins. Although the manta ray is one of the most powerful fishes in the sea, it is quite harmless to man, although a blow from its pectoral fins is sufficient to crush or capsize a small boat. It was once believed that the Devil-fish used its cephalic or head-fins, which project forward as a pair of horn-like appendages on either side of the mouth, for grasping objects, and that it was capable of seizing the anchor of a vessel and of running away with both boat and anchor "to the wonder and fear of the sailors." This idea is now discounted.

(Right.)
SAILING THROUGH THE AIR AT A HEIGHT OF 10 FT.: A MANTA, WHICH THOUGH OFTEN HEARD JUMPING, HAS VERY SELDOM BEEN ACTUALLY SEEN TO DO IT.



(Left.)
MAKING SOUNDS WHICH CAN, ACCORDING TO REPORTS, BE HEARD SEVERAL MILES AWAY: MANTAS LEAPING IN THE AIR TO RETURN TO THE WATER WITH A NOISE LIKE A CLAP OF THUNDER.

PROBABLY THE SAFEST CAR IN THE WORLD:
THE AMERICAN CORNELL SAFETY CAR.



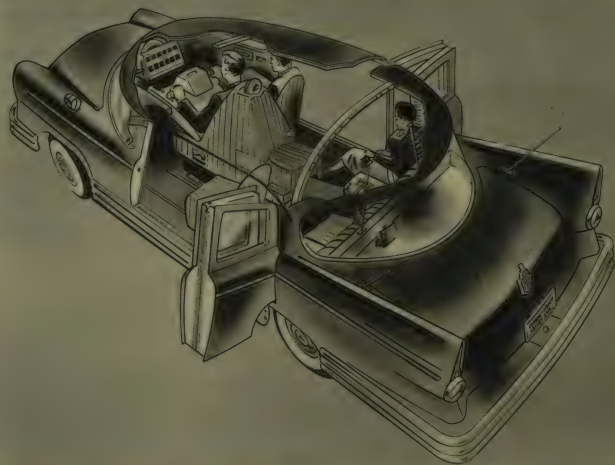
THE DRIVER AT THE CONTROLS—IN THE CENTRE OF THE FRONT OF THE CAR. THERE IS NO STEERING WHEEL AND THE DRIVER GUIDES THE CAR BY TWO SMALL HANDLES. THE SPEEDOMETER—WITH ESPECIALLY LARGE NUMERALS—IS RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE DRIVER.

COMPLETED AFTER TEN YEARS OF RESEARCH: THE CORNELL SAFETY CAR, SEEN HERE WITH ITS DOUBLE DOORS WIDE OPEN.

THE aim of the Cornell Safety Car is that its driver and passengers should come through most accidents without even suffering a scratch. After ten years of research as to exactly why and how people are hurt or killed in motor accidents, the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company and the Cornell University Aeronautical Laboratories, both of New York State, have built the car shown here to include all possible devices to protect driver and passengers. The principal designer has been Mr. Edward R. Dye, of the Cornell Laboratories, who has already designed a car safety belt which is being introduced for all makes of car throughout the United States. There is only this one single model of this remarkable car, and there are no plans to mass-produce it, though its builders hope that manufacturers throughout the world will adopt its

(Continued opposite.)

(Right.) A SECTIONAL DRAWING TO SHOW THE STEEL ROLLOVER BAR OVER THE REAR SEAT, WHICH IS STRONG ENOUGH TO PREVENT THE ROOF FROM COLLAPSING IF THE CAR SHOULD TURN OVER. WHEN CLOSED, THE FOLDING DOUBLE DOORS ARE LOCKED ON THREE SIDES AND CAN NEVER SPRING OPEN IN AN ACCIDENT.



SHOWING THE ARMS OF THE FIVE BLADES THAT WIPE THE WINDSCREEN: THE FRONT OF THE CAR WITH PART OF THE ROOF REMOVED. THE HOLES IN THE ROOF BAR TAKE IN AIR TO VENTILATE THE CAR.



A FEATURE OF THE CORNELL SAFETY CAR DESIGNED TO PROTECT PEDESTRIANS: ONE OF THE DOOR HANDLES WHICH ARE RECESSED SO THAT THEY CANNOT POSSIBLY CATCH A PEDESTRIAN'S CLOTHING.



SHOWING THE UNOBSTRUCTED REAR WINDOW: THE REAR OF THE CORNELL SAFETY CAR WITH A SUNKEN WELL BEHIND THE SEATS FOR PACKAGES. ONE SEAT IS BUILT TO FACE THE REAR—IT IS THE RIGHT SIZE FOR A CHILD AND IS PERHAPS THE SAFEST SEAT IN THE CAR.

DESIGNED FOR THE COMPLETE PROTECTION
OF MOTORISTS: A "CRASH-PROOF" CAR.



IN THE DRIVING SEAT OF THE CORNELL SAFETY CAR: THE CAR'S DESIGNER, MR. EDWARD DYE. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THAT THE WINDSCREEN IS FAR FURTHER AHEAD OF THE DRIVER THAN IS USUAL, AS INJURIES ARE OFTEN CAUSED BY PEOPLE BEING FLUNG AGAINST IT.

(Continued.) devices to make motoring safer. The car not only has bumpers at back and front, but also along the sides. They are mounted on springs to lessen the impact of blows during collisions. The steering wheel—cause of grave injuries to many drivers—has been replaced by two small handles, and moving either 6 ins. will fully turn the car. The horn button is in the right-hand handle under the driver's thumb. The speedometer is the largest instrument on the dashboard. Its numerals are so big that the driver can see them without refocusing his eyes from the road. Incorporating numerous other safety devices, the car is not unlike other up-to-date American cars in its general appearance.

(Left.) THE SAFETY CAR AT NIGHT—THERE ARE ADDITIONAL LIGHTS UNDERNEATH IT TO MAKE IT MORE VISIBLE AFTER DARK. THE CURVING WINDSCREEN—DESIGNED TO GIVE THE DRIVER MAXIMUM UNDISTORTED VISION—IS CLEARLY SEEN HERE.



HURLED FORWARD DURING A CRASH: A PASSENGER IN A REAR SEAT WHO HAS NOT FASTENED HIS SAFETY BELT. THE ROOF, HOWEVER, HAS BEEN PADDED TO MINIMISE BLOWS UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES AND THERE ARE NO PROTRUDING KNOBS OR HANDLES INSIDE THE CAR.



A FEATURE OF THE CAR THAT IS ALREADY POPULAR THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES: THE SAFETY BELT—HERE BEING FASTENED BY A PASSENGER. ALL THE SEATS ARE BUCKET SEATS.



THE N.A.T.O. SUMMIT MEETING IN PARIS: THE OPENING DAY, WHEN THE HEADS OF GOVERNMENT OF THE ALLIED COUNTRIES MET IN COUNCIL FOR THE FIRST TIME.

The N.A.T.O. summit meeting in Paris, which was attended by all but one of the Heads of Government of the fifteen allied countries—Portugal being represented by a Minister—opened at the Palais de Chaillot on December 16. The main feature of the public session before lunch was the 19-minute speech delivered by President Eisenhower. In the course of this, the President mentioned the "vast resources produced out of serfdom" of the Soviet State, and said that the present meeting in Paris showed that the N.A.T.O. countries recognised the magnitude of the Communist challenge in both the military

and industrial spheres. During the meeting in Paris, the N.A.T.O. summit council would consider "specific measures for raising the level of our collective effort." President Eisenhower criticised the ideas that "our free system was inherently more productive in all fields than the totalitarian system" and that "time was always on our side, irrespective of what we do with that time." He said, however, that the industrial plans of the Soviet rulers required ever-increasing numbers of finely trained minds, and such minds could not be indefinitely subjected to thought-control and conformity. In conclusion,

President Eisenhower said, "There lies before the free nations a clear possibility of peaceful triumph; there is a noble strategy of victory—not victory over any peoples, but victory for all peoples." At the closed session in the afternoon, President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles reaffirmed America's obligation to defend her allies, and outlined proposals for increasing American aid to other countries and for developing political consultation within N.A.T.O. Mr. Dulles said the United States was prepared to take part in a N.A.T.O. "atomic stockpile system" and to make available to other countries in the

alliance intermediate-range ballistic missiles. He also recommended that N.A.T.O. should initiate in Europe a co-ordinated programme of research, development and production of modern weapon systems. Mr. Bulganin's recent letters and the possibility of renewed rearmament talks with Russia were among the other subjects discussed during the day's speeches. In the evening, M. Spaak, the Secretary-General, was host at a dinner for the Heads of Government and Ministers. President Eisenhower, however, did not attend. Other photographs of the N.A.T.O. meeting appear elsewhere in this issue.



WHEN we think of that Palace of Infinite Splendours, known sedately as the Victoria and Albert Museum, we don't, as a rule, immediately call to mind the work of painters, but rather the vast accumulation of porcelain, sculpture, furniture, bronzes, tapestries, carpets and silver which is now displayed in so engaging a manner. Indeed, so wide is the range of the collection and so beguiling its arrangement that people have been known to enter with the firm



FIG. 1. "THE MILL," BY GEORGES MICHEL (1763-1843): A "ROMANTIC LITTLE LANDSCAPE" IN THE IONIDES COLLECTION AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, ABOUT WHICH FRANK DAVIS WRITES HERE. (Oil on canvas; 18½ by 14½ ins.)

intention of, say, feasting their eyes upon Italian Renaissance bronzes and to emerge an hour or so later intoxicated by the wonder of Persian rugs or Byzantine ivories, having failed to reach their goal. The new painting and drawing galleries are even further away from the main entrance and demand an even greater firmness of purpose. Once there it is uncommonly difficult to escape from John Constable, who is to be seen in all his fastidious glory in both drawings and paintings. You can then enjoy several dozen mid-Victorian anecdotal paintings if you like that sort of thing—I wish I did—all hung against what to me is a distressing red background but which all the best people tell me is exactly suited to them.

Then you find yourself among the pictures bequeathed by Mr. Constantine Alexander Ionides in 1901. These include some notable Italian works—a nice thing, for example, attributed very cautiously to Botticelli—several minor Dutch paintings, and what seems to me, bearing in mind that the collection was made during the last twenty-five years of the nineteenth century, a series of remarkably interesting French paintings, beginning with an early Nicolas Poussin and ending with a Degas. And how slow we were to appreciate the latter, for this particular picture—the ballet scene from the opera "Roberto il Diavolo," seen from about the third row of the stalls with the heads of the audience and of the members of the orchestra in the foreground—was for many years the only accessible painting by Degas in this country. Thus can official patronage

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

FRENCH PAINTINGS AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

lag far behind that of private individuals. At that time, too, it is safe to assert that the mid-seventeenth-century family of the brothers Le Nain was nearly unknown and certainly unappreciated. There are two in the Ionides Collection, one confidently ascribed to Louis Le Nain, the other to the school.

Most of us have a particular reason for a special preference. I happen to enjoy the little-known Georges Michel (1763-1843) who painted the romantic little landscape of Fig. 1, partly because he is unpretentious, and partly because he manages to lighten his somewhat sombre landscapes with gleams of golden light. I dare say occasionally I persuade myself he is a greater man than he actually is because, at least twenty-five years ago, I found myself the owner of a small oil sketch which seemed to be half Dutch and half French and which glowed like a jewel; I couldn't place it at all, so it just stayed where it was, as one of the minor household gods. Then, in the winter of 1949, the Royal Academy staged an exhibition of French Landscapes, and the problem was solved immediately. Georges Michel (of whom, I'm ashamed to say, I had never heard of till then) was my man. Once you have seen two or three paintings by him you can make no mistake. His whole work consists of landscapes and, though very small fry, he is something of a phenomenon. He came from a peasant family, wandered about a lot, and was a friend of the equally obscure Bruandet (1755-1804) who was also represented in the Royal Academy Exhibition—in his case by a single landscape "The Pool at Auteuil," as against the eight or nine by Michel.

Go to any place in France which has a municipal gallery and you find yourself interested in all sorts of minor painters you've never heard of; French visitors have the same experience over here. Few of us on either side of the Channel are aware of any but the more famous names of the other school. Bruandet is regarded by French historians as to some degree an ancestor of the later Barbizon painters—Millet, Corot, Daubigny, and the rest—and the no less humble and insignificant Michel can, if you are given to this kind of academic classification, be neatly labelled and placed on the same shelf. His debt to the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century is clear enough from the Victoria and Albert picture—it is full of echoes of Rembrandt, of Jacob Ruysdael, of Konincks—and his highly personal style must have seemed strange to his contemporaries brought up on David. He was by no means successful as a painter—one reason, no doubt, why his output was so small. Instead, he became a dealer, specialising, it seems, in Dutch painting, doing a great deal of restoring in addition and also, it is suspected, copying.

I note now that M. Dorival in his preface to that memorable exhibition suggests that he not only restored many Cuyp but probably forged a few—yet, he adds, "he ended by arriving at an original conception of landscape—his breadth of

vision, his real feeling for weather, find an adequate technical expression; instead of Italian temples or Dutch cottages he paints the windmills of Montmartre; instead of the Campagna or the Polder of Haarlem, the plain of St. Denis." So much—and I dare say more than enough—about a little man; but the Ionides French paintings are by no means confined to scarcely known names. The Corot landscape—to me—is one of those late misty pot-boilers, and an Ingres nude is surely the worst ever painted by a great man—a sprawling figure which looks like a coloured photograph of a pink waxwork, but there are two sketches by Delacroix, a tree in Fontainebleau Forest—an oak—by Theodore Rousseau which is one of the finest tree portraits ever painted (I believe it could stand beside a Crome or a Constable tree and still hold its own), a splendid stormy landscape by the same painter, a sparkling Diaz and two at least by Millet, and two by Courbet—one of a tremendous sky over a marshy estuary, the other a landscape near his birthplace at Ornans. Then there's a classic landscape by the follower of Poussin who has been given the name of "The Silver Birch Master" from his fondness for those beautiful trees and—if my memory is correct—at least two if not three flower paintings by Fantin-Latour—the one of the illustration (Fig. 2) is dated 1864. I wonder what it cost the donor when he was forming his collection?—£100 or so?

You may have noticed that flower pieces by this most sincere of painters now realise anything between £2000 and £5000 when they appear at auction. At the time old-fashioned people probably thought Mr. Ionides not merely extravagant but excessively daring in some of his purchases, and



FIG. 2. A FANTIN-LATOUR FLOWER PIECE FROM THE IONIDES COLLECTION. THIS COLLECTION IS HUNG IN ROOM 105, ONE OF THE RECENTLY OPENED PAINTINGS GALLERIES AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. (Oil on canvas; 19½ by 17½ ins.)

not the least interesting aspect of his bequest is the evidence it provides of an unusually catholic taste, so nicely shared between Italian, Dutch and French, and on the whole so careless of established reputations. Indeed, he seems to have enjoyed occasionally choosing unlikely subjects by great men; I suppose he felt that some kind of nude by Ingres was necessary—but his other Ingres is wholly uncharacteristic; a charming painting of Henry IV entering a room and finding the Dauphin riding on the back of the Spanish Ambassador—just the kind of romantic historical anecdote which Bonington favoured and which Ingres in later life so heartily detested. I wonder what visitors in fifty years' time will make of a large Legros of young women in church? We find it woodenly academic and completely lifeless—will our descendants see in it all the science and poetry in the world?

TO BE SHOWN IN TORONTO: A
FINE EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH
DOMESTIC SILVER.



IN THE "SEVEN CENTURIES OF ENGLISH DOMESTIC SILVER" EXHIBITION TO BE HELD IN TORONTO: THREE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY WINE CUPS—(L. TO R.) 1614, SILVER, HEIGHT 8½ INS.; 1617, SILVER-GILT, 8.2 INS.; AND 1614, SILVER-GILT, 8.3 INS. (Lent by R. C. Cookson, Esq.)



ONE OF THE EARLIEST PIECES IN THE EXHIBITION: A SILVER-GILT BEAKER OF 1496, WITH A PRICKED MONOGRAM, T.W. (Height, 3½ ins.) (Lent by the Countess Mountbatten of Burma.)



AMONG THE PIECES FROM CANADIAN COLLECTIONS: A SILVER-GILT WINE FOUNTAIN BY WILLIAM LUKIN, LONDON c. 1710. (Height, 24½ ins.) (Anonymous collection.)



IN THE FORM OF A GOURD: THE SILVER-GILT BERRY CUP. LONDON, 1570. (Height, 16½ ins.) (From the Collection of the late Sir Charles J. Jackson.)



A MAGNIFICENT PIECE OF 1584: THE COSWAY SALT, WHICH IS SILVER-GILT AND BEARS A MAKER'S MARK IN THE FORM OF A JUG. (Height, 8.3 ins.) (Lent by G. H. Cookson, Esq.)



MADE IN LONDON IN 1808 BY PAUL STORR: A COVERED SOUP TUREEN ON A STAND, WHICH IS FROM A CANADIAN COLLECTION. (Length, 20 ins.) (Anonymous Collection.)



A FAMOUS SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PIECE: THE ARLINGTON TAZZA, MADE IN LONDON IN 1532. (Diameter, 9 ins.) (Lent by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, London.)

On January 13 the Governor-General of Canada, Mr. Vincent Massey, is to open a major exhibition—"Seven Centuries of English Domestic Silver"—at the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto. The Museum authorities have spent nearly two years preparing this outstanding exhibition, which includes some pieces of great importance which have never before been publicly exhibited. The exhibits range from the fourteenth century to the present day, and will be seen against a setting of period rooms, with large

illustrations of contemporary rooms and people interspersed among the cases, to give a more lively background than is usually found at exhibitions of this kind. Naturally the majority of the exhibits made before 1700 have been borrowed from England, though one or two fine early pieces have come from Canadian collections. These have proved to be surprisingly rich in fine eighteenth-century pieces, notable among them the Wine Fountain by William Lukin shown here. The exhibition continues until March 10.



FIG. 1. THE SMALL STATUE OF THE PALLADIUM. THE HEAD WAS ONLY RECENTLY FOUND. THE EYES WERE DARKENED INTENTIONALLY TO GIVE THE STARING LOOK.



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE MOST RECENT AND STRIKING OF THE DISCOVERIES AT SPERLONGA: A COLOSSAL GANYMEDE CARRIED OFF BY THE EAGLE, MAINLY IN BLuish MARBLE.



FIG. 3. PROFESSOR JACOPI EXAMINING A TORSO, WHICH APPEARS TO BE ONE OF THE COMPANIONS OF ODYSSEUS CARRYING ONE OF SCYLLA'S CUT-OFF HEADS.



FIG. 4. PROBABLY PART OF A GROUP OF ODYSSEUS AND SCYLLA: A BEARDED SAILOR, GRASPING THE RUDDER OF THE SHIP—AS IT WAS DISCOVERED.

STRIKING NEW FINDS IN THE SPERLONGA GROTTO: GANYMEDE, AND A SCYLLA GROUP.

In our issue of October 26 we reported and illustrated some of the first remarkable finds of Greek sculpture in the excavations at the Grotto of Tiberius at Sperlonga, not far from Terracina. These excavations are being directed by Professor Giulio Jacopi, Superintendent of Antiquities, Rome I; and they are continuing as excitingly as they began. They are, however, at present complicated by the onset of winter. The cave is on the seashore and in certain conditions of stormy weather the sea-water enters the cave and defeats all the attempts of the pumps to keep the two pools clear and has also broken down the hastily-erected barriers at the mouth of the cave. Two pools or piscinas are now mentioned. The

first to be discovered was circular; a quadrangular one, connected with the other, has now been discovered, and it appears that the two formed a Nymphaeum and were probably stocked with fish and used for aquatic games or spectacles. Among the most interesting discoveries is an inscription, incomplete but decipherable as an epigram in Latin verse by one Faustinus, a friend of the poet Martial, a rich dilettante who was responsible for adorning the grotto with statuary. In the verses reference is made to the "cruelty of Scylla" as one of the subjects of the statuary; and it now seems clear that a number of the fragments found are part of a group showing the struggle of Odysseus and his men with the monster Scylla.

[Continued opposite.]

ATHENE, SILENUS, AND THE SCYLLA GROUP: SUPERB STATUARY RECENTLY FOUND AT SPERLONGA.



FIG. 5. THE HEAD OF FIG. 6 ADDED TO A PREVIOUSLY DISCOVERED TORSO. THIS IS MOST LIKELY ONE OF THE COMPANIONS OF ODYSSEUS IN COMBAT WITH SCYLLA.



FIG. 6. A FINE ANGUISHED HEAD OF A LIGHTLY BEARDED MAN, WHICH WAS RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE GROTTA AND SO ENABLES FIG. 5 TO BE RECONSTRUCTED.



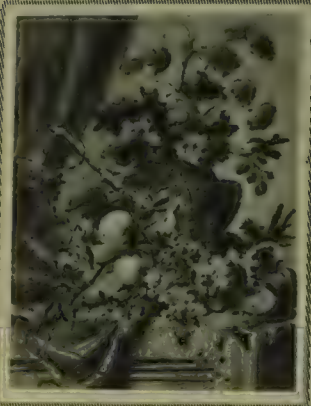
FIG. 7. FOUND IN THE GROTTA AT THE BEGINNING OF DECEMBER: A FINE HEAD OF ATHENE WEARING A CORINTHIAN HELMET—A BEAUTIFUL MARBLE.



FIG. 8. ANOTHER AS YET UNRELATED HEAD, FOUND ABOUT THE SAME TIME AS FIG. 7: A LIVELY SILENUS HEAD, BALD AND CROWNED WITH IVY LEAVES AND BERRIES.

Continued.
Figs. 3, 4, 5 and 6 almost certainly belong to this group. In our last issue we showed a fragment of a hand holding a small statue. As Fig. 1 shows, the head of this has now been found; and Professor Jacopi, following the scholiast's note to *The Acharnians* of Aristophanes, suggests that this Palladium may be one of those commonly carried as the tutelary deities of ships; and that this statue is also part of the Scylla group, some sailor perhaps holding it aloft to avert the peril of the monstrous Scylla. The most striking single piece so far found is probably the Ganymede (Fig. 2).

In this the eagle and torso (which are of a bluish marble) were first found; and the head of Ganymede, which is of white marble, was found a few days later. This group is considerably larger than life and appears to have stood near the entrance to the cave. The Ganymede group, it is suggested, may be a marble version of the bronze group by the fourth-century master Leochares, to which Pliny refers, but which does not, it seems, survive. A number of small pieces, not illustrated here, are reported to show Cupids playing with satyr masks and the like.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



SOME years ago, during a six-month visit to America (U.S.A.), I came to the conclusion that the Americans grow the best lettuces in the world. In

France, on the other hand, I have invariably felt that the French make the best lettuce salads. So simple, but, oh, so good! It must have been thirty or more years ago that "Madame" at a French restaurant in Soho gave me a simple basic formula for dressing green salads. It was: two of oil to one of vinegar, and, of course, the vinegar must go in first and then the oil. Used in the reverse order, the vinegar just runs off the oily leaves. And, of course, such a salad should be mixed at the table, and eaten immediately. In America I was given salads at every turn, and they were taken very seriously. But too often—to my way of thinking—and eating—they were over-"landscaped" with colourful etceteras, as well as slices of pineapple and such-like, which looked as though they must have strayed in from the sweet course. But that was more than twenty years ago, and doubtless salad fashions have changed since then.

But in this country, to this day, a dreadful convention persists in certain quarters of decorating salads, bedding them out, as it were, with circular slices of cucumber, radish, and hard-boiled eggs, arranged in neat Victorian patterns. Those dreadful egg circles, in white, yellow and, in some of the worst cases, Stilton blue, are the most hideous sin of all. I have always held that hard boiling brings out all that is worst in an egg, and that the man who is hard-boiled enough to eat a hard-boiled egg will eat anything. It has often amused me at country flower shows, to see classes for "The Best Salad." How could one judge a salad without taking a knife and fork to it? As it is, top marks appear to be awarded for neatness and originality in arranging those slices of radish, cucumber, and the rest.

Shortly after my visit to the U.S.A., a good American friend sent me a packet of seed of a variety of lettuce called the "Bibb," and I soon came to the conclusion that it was one of the very best varieties that I had ever enjoyed. It was a small "cabbage" variety, with unusually thick and crisp mid-ribs, and dark jade-green leaves of amazingly crisp, thick texture. It did not make very much heart, but every scrap of even the outermost leaves was of fine quality, and even when the plants bolted, as all lettuces will, the small leaves taken from the run-up stem were still perfect for the salad bowl.

Though small, a "Bibb" lettuce weighed surprisingly heavy in the hand. I imported seeds of this lettuce from America and offered it among seeds of "Vegetables for Epicures" in the seed-list which I issued from my Six Hills Nursery. But I confess I did a rather naughty thing. It

LETTUCES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

seemed to me that the name "Bibb," whatever its significance might be in America, would not be likely to create a demand in this country, so I re-christened it "Green Jade," and as "Green Jade" it had a great success, until I finally retired from Six Hills. At first I imported the seed, but later, finding that home-saved seed came perfectly true to type and was easy to harvest, I grew my own stock. I am glad to find that at least one seed firm in this country offers Bibb lettuce, and from the same firm last year I obtained another American lettuce, "Brittle Ice," and found it excellent, delicious.

Last year, too, a friend gave me a pinch of lettuce seed screwed up in a scrap of paper, and contained in an envelope with the name "Sugar Cos" scribbled outside. No vendor's name, and no blurb as to excellence, or instructions for growing. However, I sowed the seeds, and grew the

important thing is that "Sugar Cos" concentrates on excellence of quality with outstanding success.

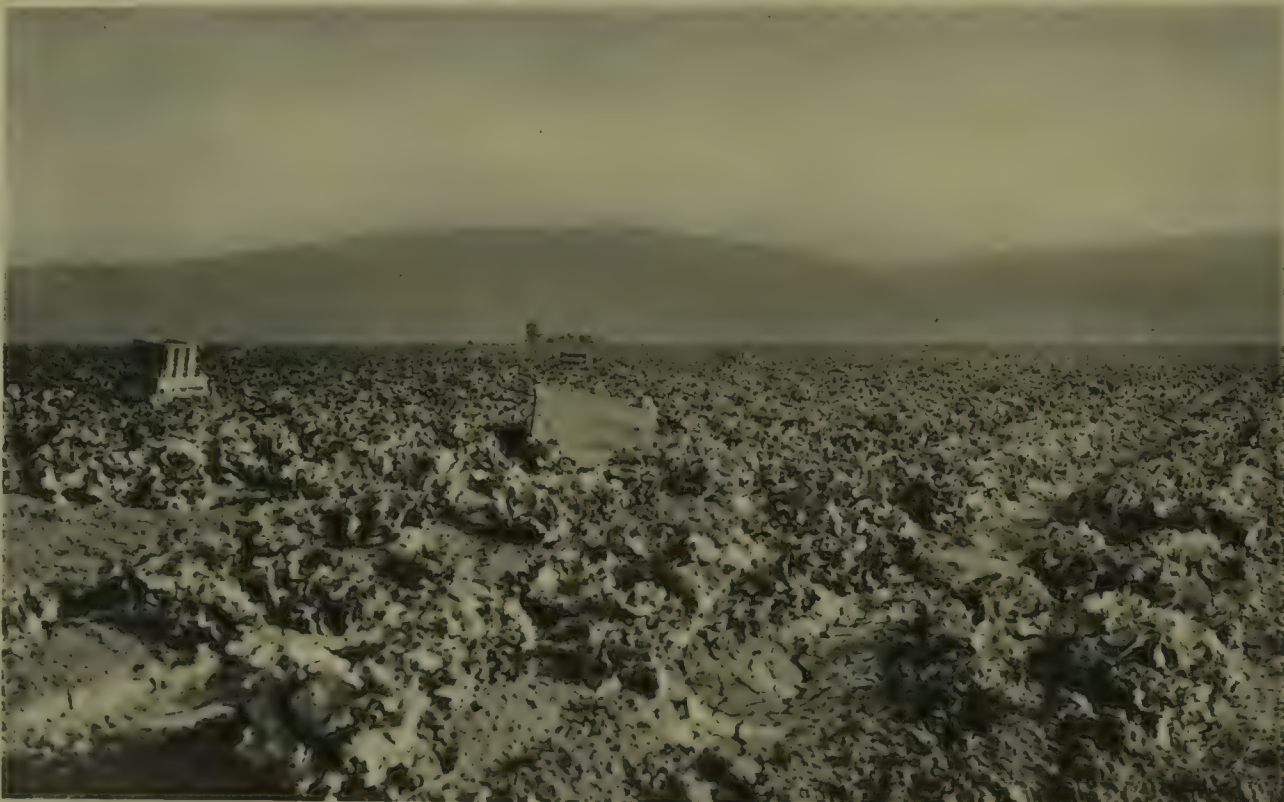
This morning a seed catalogue arrived out of the blue (what a bountiful realm the blue is!) and there I came upon "Sugar Cos." Whether it is to be found in other seed catalogues I have no idea, but somehow the name does not seem to me to be in any way familiar. At a guess I would say that the variety is of American origin.

In making salads, both green and root, there is one flavouring which I often use, and which visitors almost invariably remark on, and ask what it is. It is very simple, and I can not believe that there is anything unusual about it. As to that I can not say, never having been told how to make a salad, and never having studied the matter in books. It is simply a leaf or two of apple mint (or of ordinary mint now and then for a change) slightly bruised, finely chopped and scattered in. It gives a subtle tang of summer freshness which never fails to delight—and puzzle. But it is important not to overdo the mint. Use just enough to arouse interest, yet not enough to give away where the tang comes from.

In making what I suppose should be called root salads, waxy potato, celery, apple, chicory, and the rest—not all of which, of course, are roots—I discovered some years ago one root which I do not think is often, if ever, used.

Thin slices of Jerusalem artichoke. It is curious that in spite of the distinctive flavour of artichoke tubers when cooked, they have little or no flavour when raw. But they are deliciously crisp and nutty when sliced thinly and mixed in with the other ingredients, and personally I find the raw tubers quite pleasant to munch and crunch by themselves, not as a meal, or at a meal, but just as a passing in-between.

I have said that I came to the conclusion that in America they grow the best lettuces in the world. At the same time I think that they grow more lettuces and on a bigger scale than anyone anywhere else. When motoring down through California from San Francisco to the Mexican border, my wife and I stopped to examine a vast field of some green crop, stretching away to the horizon and spreading out just as extensively on either side. To our utter astonishment, we found that it was one gigantic crop of lettuces. At a rough guess I would say that there must have been several hundred acres of that one continuous crop, which must surely have required several freight trains to take to market. And as far as we could see, the lettuces all seemed to be in the same state of maturity—just about ready for cutting. Astonishing!



A "PRAIRIE" OF LETTUCE: "WHILE MOTORING DOWN THROUGH CALIFORNIA FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO THE MEXICAN BORDER, MY WIFE AND I STOPPED TO EXAMINE A VAST FIELD OF SOME GREEN CROP, STRETCHING AWAY TO THE HORIZON.... TO OUR UTTER ASTONISHMENT, WE FOUND THAT IT WAS ONE GIGANTIC CROP OF LETTUCES."

little crop in the usual way, though perhaps rather more rough-and-readily than usual. It turned out quite first-rate. Larger than "Green Jade" ("Bibb") but with the same thick mid-ribs to the leaves, and the same deep green colour. But it seemed to be in two minds whether to be a cos or a cabbage lettuce. No matter. The

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THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS: SIR HUGH FOOT'S EFFORTS TO EASE TENSION.



A BOLD GESTURE WARMLY RECEIVED: A PASSER-BY SHAKING HANDS WITH SIR HUGH FOOT (CENTRE) DURING HIS WALK THROUGH THE STREETS OF NICOSIA ON DECEMBER 12.



ACCOMPANIED ONLY BY THE COMMISSIONER FOR NICOSIA, MR. CLEMENS (IN HAT), AND A FEW SECURITY OFFICERS: SIR HUGH FOOT IN ONE OF THE STREETS OF NICOSIA.



APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS IN OCTOBER: SIR HUGH FOOT, FORMERLY THE GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA, WHO ARRIVED IN CYPRUS ON DECEMBER 3.

(Left.) A HANDSHAKE ACROSS A HOLE IN THE ROAD: THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS MEETING A GREEK CYPRIOT WOMAN IN THE OLD TOWN OF NICOSIA.



SURROUNDED BY THE PEOPLE OF NICOSIA: SIR HUGH FOOT (CENTRE) TALKING TO A STREET TRADER.



AFTER A DISCUSSION ABOUT RECENT EVENTS IN NICOSIA: SIR HUGH FOOT (RIGHT) TALKING WITH THE GREEK CYPRIOT MAYOR OF NICOSIA, DR. DERVIS (CENTRE), AS HE LEAVES THE MAYOR'S RESIDENCE ON DECEMBER 11.



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NICOSIA: THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS WITH LADY FOOT, AND TWO OF THEIR SONS.

The new Governor of Cyprus, Sir Hugh Foot, won the admiration of many on the island when, in his determination to make a personal assessment of the situation, he walked through the streets of Nicosia on December 12. Accompanied only by the Commissioner for Nicosia and a few plain-clothes security officers, Sir Hugh was often warmly received when he stopped to speak to shopkeepers and passers-by, both Greeks and Turks. On the previous day Sir Hugh had already broken with precedent by visiting the Mayor of

Nicosia, and on December 17 six Greek Cypriot mayors called at Government House for a discussion with the Governor. But despite Sir Hugh's efforts to ease the tension—which also included the release of two women political prisoners whose health was being endangered—there were further widespread outbreaks of violence in Cyprus, and on December 16 workers all over the island went on strike. On the previous day a Famagusta rioter had been killed, and on December 18 British troops shot dead a wanted Eoka leader.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE Christmas period is traditionally the time for telling ghost stories, and one feels an obligation to follow the fashion. The field of natural history is, however, haunted by few spectres. It does so happen that this year I can recount one from my personal experience which, if not a true ghost story, has everything but the ghost. It has the advantage that it does not require strong nerves to read it just before going to bed.

It sometimes happens, when there is a bright moon, that I take a fancy to walking alone through the woods. There is something supremely pleasant in knowing that you will not meet another person, in enjoying the absolute peace and quiet, and in seeing the trees and undergrowth in a new light. There is always the prospect, although this is not the primary purpose of the walk, of seeing something that cannot be seen at other times. For this reason I carry a strong electric torch, to be able to illuminate the scene suddenly if need be. It is preferable not to use it continuously, for that would shatter the illusion of being in another world as well as scaring any wild life there may be around. For purposes of security I follow the same path, so that I know fairly certainly the whereabouts of the protruding roots and tree-stumps that might trip me up.

Except for one occasion this walk has been, as I have said, supremely pleasant. On that one occasion there was a full moon but the sky was overcast. There was, however, enough light to find my way without difficulty. There was also a slight breeze. The way into the wood is flanked by trees; and then I turn to the left and up the slope, with young oaks and hazel, but little undergrowth. Just below the brow of the rising ground the path turns left again into an area largely cleared of trees. Here the bracken has taken over, and, at this time of year, it is brown and mostly beaten into tangled heaps by wind and rain. Here and there, however, a solitary frond stands alone and erect. And it was one of these that disturbed the pleasure of my walk.

At moments of sudden fright impressions are confused. Moreover, when the moment has passed it is difficult to avoid embroidering these impressions in the telling. As far as I can recall, my peaceful, happy mood was suddenly broken by what appeared to be a small, white figure with arms outstretched, at the side of the path, gesticulating wildly. In the same flash of time that it took to turn the electric torch on to it, I realised that it could only be a bracken frond standing apart from the rest and waving gently in the fitful breeze. In this particular light, as I noticed subsequently, the tangled clumps of bracken appeared a dull brown but the solitary upright fronds all had a silvery appearance.

Now this is the strangest part of the encounter. Even as I flooded the bracken frond with light and knew it to be no more than a fern—even its scientific name, *Pteris aquilina*, ran through my mind—it seemed to have a malevolent and menacing personality. It seems absurd now to say it, but that truly was how it presented itself to me, as a malevolent personality, with the result that my hair stood on end and shivers ran up, and not, as is usually said, down, my spine. The magic spell of a walk through the moonlit woods

SEEING THINGS AT NIGHT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

was broken. I had the strongest impulse to turn back and get out of the woods as quickly as possible, and although I walked on, as resolutely as my reasoned arguments would enable me, the lamentable fact remains that I glanced back over my shoulder several times to make sure this evil thing was not pursuing me.

Of course the whole episode was subjective, no more than a trick of light triggering off a corner of my imagination. Those things I told myself

with my fears than with the analysis of them. One thing caught my notice: that from merely savouring the general sight of the night-time woods my ears and eyes were now fully on the alert. A row of silver birches on the crest above me, which I had always admired as an artistic set-piece with its tracery of branches dimly seen against the sky, now became starkly white, each tree an individual. Whether I actually saw more is problematic, that I was observing more is certain. Instead of passively regarding the scene that passed me as I walked, my eyes now took in details that had previously escaped me. Instead of looking mainly ahead, in one direction, I was now looking quickly about. I caught myself doing this and tried to inhibit it, with little success. As to sounds, my ears were now conscious of a multitude of these that I would at other times have taken for granted. There were rustles in the leaf-litter, crackling in the trees and whining of branches in contact. There were bumpings and crashings in the undergrowth I had not noticed before, and even my favourite owl took on a slightly sinister form.

The original episode, illogical and subjective though it be, had shattered the sense of security born of a civilised existence. It had put my senses on the alert, so that they worked continuously and far more efficiently than normal. Moreover, with the senses so keyed up a suggestion was enough to conjure up a reality, every detail tended to grow in size, the mole-hill to become a mountain. It must be confessed that for the first time I began to understand some aspects of the behaviour of animals that had previously eluded me. The horse in harness shies at a piece of white paper lying at the side of the road, rolls his eyes and pricks his ears. What the paper may mean to him we can only conjecture. It means to him the same as the bracken frond did to me, a stimulus received through the eye which upsets the equilibrium of his nervous system. The fact that I translated the silvery frond to the form of a "little person" is merely because I am made differently. It does not show that the horse necessarily translates the paper into anything within the compass of his own or his ancestral experience.

Wild animals must have their senses always on the alert. Their survival depends on it. Senses keenly on the alert, as I now know, can mean "seeing things that are not there" or distorting and magnifying those that are. It is the probable explanation of some of the actions we see in animals. We say they are suspicious of anything new—it means the same thing. But the matter goes deeper than this. Thus, it was evident one morning that a rat had been into the aviary containing one of our rooks. Since then, although the rats have been dealt with, that rook stays on a perch and can only be persuaded to come to the ground with difficulty.

Any sharp movement, say, of one's hand, will set even tame birds on the defensive. Anyone walking past our aviaries will cause no flutter, but let him carry something in his hand and the birds will fly up in alarm. If the passer-by has a basket on his shoulder, matters will be even worse. A new perch put into an aviary will be a cause for alarm until it has been there long enough to become familiar. These are only a few of the "ghosts" animals see, which keep their nerves on edge.



IN THE SILENCE AND SOLITUDE OF THE NIGHT WHEN THE DARKNESS CAN PLAY TRICKS WITH THE SENSES AND THE IMAGINATION: EVEN THE FAMILIAR OWL TAKES ON A STRANGE AND SOMEWHAT SINISTER GUISE.



WHEN THE DARKNESS SEEMS TO MAGNIFY SURREPTITIOUS SOUNDS: SOME OF THE "THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT" WHEN EXPOSED TO THE GLARE OF AN ELECTRIC TORCH PROVE TO BE NO MORE THAN A MOTHER WOOD-MOUSE AND HER FORAGING SON FORAGING IN THE LEAF-LITTER. [Photographs by Jane Burton.]

as I pressed on, frightened yet not frightened. For all my attempts to dismiss the fern from my thoughts I found myself starting at each silvery waving frond I passed and was obliged to switch on the torch at each one to reassure myself it was a bracken frond, thoroughly material, homely and quite harmless. Eventually, I kept the torch switched on continuously, and although from the sheer fear of losing my self-respect I completed the walk at normal pace, it was with considerable relief that at last I reached the exit from the woods.

It is many years now since anything like this happened to me, and then I was more concerned

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



COMMANDING A R.A.F. SQUADRON:
MAJOR R. NEWELL OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE. Major R. G. Newell, thirty-three, of the U.S. Air Force, recently took command of No. 19 (Fighter) Squadron, R.A.F., which is stationed in Yorkshire, under an Anglo-American officer exchange scheme.



TO COMMAND THE ARMY AIR CORPS:
GENERAL SIR HUGH C. STOCKWELL. General Sir Hugh C. Stockwell, Colonel, The Royal Welch Fusiliers and The Malay Regiment, has been appointed Colonel Commandant, Army Air Corps, the War Office announced on December 17. General Stockwell commanded the British forces in the campaign in Egypt last year, and from 1954 was General Officer Commanding 1 Corps, B.A.O.R. He has also been Commandant, R.M.A., Sandhurst, and G.O.C., Malaya.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE PALACE: THE HUNGARIAN MINISTER IN LONDON, AND MME. PAL FOLDES. On December 17 H.E. Monsieur Pál Földes, who is the first Hungarian Minister in London since the uprising in November last year, presented his Letters of Credence to the Queen at Buckingham Palace.



THE PRIME MINISTER OF MALTA WITH-DRAWS HIS RESIGNATION: MR. MINTOFF. On December 17, three days after tendering his resignation, Mr. Mintoff, the Prime Minister of Malta, withdrew it because the letter from the Admiralty Section of the General Workers' Union, which he had taken as showing serious lack of confidence in him, had also been withdrawn. He leads the Malta Labour Party.



TWENTY-ONE ON CHRISTMAS DAY: H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT. On December 25 H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent celebrated her twenty-first birthday, making this a very special Christmas Day for her. This birthday portrait was taken at Kensington Palace. The Duchess of Kent and her family were to spend Christmas at Sandringham. Portrait Study by Anthony Armstrong Jones.



AT THE TRIBUNAL: MR. C. F. COBBOLD, GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND. At the resumed Bank Rate Tribunal on December 16 Mr. Cobbold was at the witness table for nearly three-and-a-half hours, and was questioned about the sale of gilt-edged securities before the rise in Bank Rate. He expressed confidence in the present system of appointing Directors of the Bank of England.



A RECEPTION FOR THE CANADIAN TRADE MISSION: THE LORD MAYOR GREETING MR. G. CHURCHILL, LEADER OF THE MISSION. A reception was held at the Mansion House on December 17 for the Canadian Trade Mission, which since November 22 had been touring Britain with the aim of increasing British trade to Canada. The mission left for Canada the following day. One of the delegates said the tour had been highly satisfactory, and hoped a British mission would go to Canada.



APPOINTED G.O.C., 1ST CORPS, IN GERMANY: MAJ.-GEN. M. WEST. The appointment of Major-General M. M. A. R. West, Director, Territorial Army, Cadets and Home Guard, War Office, as General Officer Commanding, 1 Corps, in Germany, from March 1958, with the temporary rank of Lieut.-General, was announced on December 16. General West, who is fifty-two, commanded the Commonwealth Division in Korea in 1952-53, and during World War II he served in Burma.



AUTHOR OF DETECTIVE NOVELS AND RELIGIOUS BOOKS AND PLAYS: THE LATE MISS DOROTHY L. SAYERS. Miss Dorothy L. Sayers, who died suddenly on December 17 aged sixty-four, was one of the most accomplished detective fiction writers of her time and was the creator of the monocled detective Lord Peter Wimsey. Miss Sayers had deep religious faith and, some twenty years ago, abandoned detective fiction to write with equal brilliance on theological subjects.



NATURE'S WONDERLAND. SERIES II. NO. 6. PATTERNS WHICH POSE PROBLEMS: SOME

The coats of many mammals have a ground colour of dun, grey or tawny and this is often marked with spots, stripes or bars. In a certain number we find that only the young are conspicuously marked in this way while the adults are either uniformly coloured or have a bold pattern that lacks any suggestion of spots, stripes or bars. An outstanding example is seen in the tapirs. The adult Malaysian tapir has the fore-parts and limbs black and the rest of the body white. The South American tapirs are entirely blackish-brown. Yet the young in all species of tapir are marked with stripes and spots. It is an obvious assumption that the

ancestral tapirs were striped or spotted, or both. Moreover, merely to look at the young tapirs suggests that the stripes came first and the spots were derived from the break-up of stripes. Although birds carry much more varied and brighter colours than mammals there are many instances of the young being marked with stripes or spots, like the young capris. This is especially true of primitive birds like the ostrich, emu and cassowary. Among adult deer the coat may vary from the spotted to the monochrome, but all the young are spotted. The lion, uniformly tawny, has cubs that are spotted; so, too, does the puma.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A.

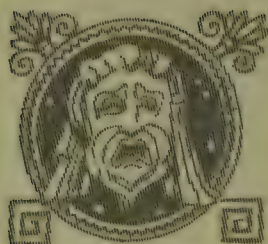


BARRED, STRIPED AND SPOTTED ANIMALS WITH PRIMITIVE OR SPECIALISED MARKINGS.

Zebras, asses and horses belong to one family, the first being striped, the second having vestiges of stripes in the shoulder stripe and the occasional markings on the lower legs, and the only known wild horses have similar markings to the asses. So it is assumed that ancestral horses were striped. Primitive Australian mammals, such as the thylacine and the numbat, are also barred. On the grounds of these and a few other examples, it is customary, in reconstructing the remains of extinct and primitive birds, such as the hesperornis, and mammals, such as the creodonts, of which only the skeletons are known, to decorate them with

with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.

bars or stripes. On the other hand, we find barring, striping and spotting in adult mammals, such as the clouded leopard, palm squirrel, skunk and a number of others that can only be regarded as specialised. And among such as these we have the cheetah, which is anything but primitive, bearing spots. More significant, the occasional mutant, known as the king cheetah, shows a pattern strongly reminiscent of the supposed primitive patterns of young tapirs and young wild pigs. In short, although there has been considerable discussion as to whether the patterns are primitive or specialised, there are no conclusive arguments either way.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

LOOKING BACK

By ALAN DENT.

MY dear old father, who was no mean amateur poet—and one who, unlike most poets, wrote best in his old age—once penned a haunting sonnet about the dying year, calling it "the year that did its best for us." The year now passing out could not be described as other than generous to lovers of good films. It began in a blaze of conscientiousness with "War and Peace" which at least had unforgettable things in it like the Napoleonic battle-scenes and the whole of Audrey Hepburn's exquisite little Natasha. And it has concluded with "The Bridge on the River Kwai" which is not only a thrilling adventure story but also a shattering indictment of warfare. This film's further distinction is that it contains what is, in my opinion, the year's best piece of film-acting—Alec Guinness's superlative study of a brilliant, brave, and fundamentally stupid British colonel, who insists upon doing his best in his enforced labour as a Japanese prisoner, without being able to see that in so doing he is directly helping his enemy to defeat his own country.

Let me note some other memorable things without pretending to give a full survey of the year. British players—the men rather than the women—stand out conspicuously in recollection. One thinks of Jack Hawkins in "The Man in the Sky" (the quietest of air-heroes doing a difficult, dangerous job and hating it to be recognised). Of Trevor Howard in "Manuela" (as a Conradish skipper burning his fingers rather badly with a little unexpected romance). Of Richard Todd keeping the stiffest upper lip ever seen on the screen in "Yangtse Incident," the heroic true tale of H.M.S. *Amethyst*. Of Ian Carmichael, the brilliant new comedian (particularly in "Brothers in Law," a devastating tilt at the pomposity of the legal profession). Of Chaplin, the great old one (often at his best and funniest in his own film, "A King in New York," which surely had not the success—or, come to that, the general showing—it should have had in this country). Of American work one liked best two striking films made by Elia Kazan—the vicious but dazzling "Baby Doll" and that over-long but terrific attack on the bawfulness of television's over-publicity, "A Face in the Crowd." And the still current "Around the World in 80 Days" for its sheer profusion of celebrated actors and delightful scenes, its faces and its places. And the epic of Texas called "Giant," which gave us our last impressive glimpse of the young actor of great promise, James Dean. And "The Bachelor Party," which showed us how struggling New York clerks—a welcome change

from carefree New York playboys—really do live and quarrel and scrape and enjoy themselves. And "Lust for Life," in which Kirk Douglas gave us his best performance ever in a quite impressive and beautifully photographed biography of Vincent Van Gogh.

The French film-makers fully maintained their reputation for facing up to the harsher realities of life. Robert Brisson's "A Man Escaped"—an undeviating and unrelieved saga of an imprisoned man's courage—was possibly the year's most arduous film, but it was possibly also its greatest, and it was certainly a masterpiece of direction. The Italian "Friends for Life" was a wholly enchanting story of two schoolboys (directed by

second day of the New Year, and will be generally released in February and March.

Meanwhile the first of its capital performers, Mr. Guinness, is to be seen in a very different rôle as a retired naval captain who takes command of a pier because ships have always made him seasick. This is the theme of "Barnacle Bill," the latest but by no means the best of the comedies made at Ealing. Something has gone wrong with the handling, the writing, or—I think most likely—the editing of this film. It begins gorgeously with

Captain Guinness giving us glimpses—alas, too short!—of all his nautical ancestors, beginning with a hirsute gent in woad paddling a coracle which merely goes round and round—"from the earliest times we moved in nautical circles!" If all these ancestors had not been summarily dropped to proceed with the present-day Captain Guinness's command of his pier, and his rather laboured quarrels with the local Town Council, we might have had a joyous master-comedy like "Kind Hearts and Coronets." However, even non-vintage Ealing is better than most attempts at high comedy, British or American, and "Barnacle Bill" has its jolly moments—especially when Captain Guinness is quietly satirising the pomposities of naval-officerdom or dancing gracefully with graceless teddy-boys and teddy-girls.

Another British film, "Dangerous Exile," might easily qualify for the position of the year's worst—though it would



THE NELSON PERIOD
AMBROSE ANCESTOR.



THE "WINDJAMMER"
AMBROSE ANCESTOR.



THE AMBROSE ANCESTOR AT THE
BATTLE OF JUTLAND.



ALEC GUINNESS AS CAPTAIN WILLIAM HORATIO AMBROSE IN THE NEW EALING COMEDY "BARNACLE BILL." TO THE LEFT AND RIGHT ALEC GUINNESS IS SEEN IN THE ROLES OF THE SIX AMBROSIAN MARITIME ANCESTORS. (LONDON PREMIERE: EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, DECEMBER 11.)

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "The choice is Alec Guinness, not so much for being the hero of this sub-standard Ealing comedy, 'Barnacle Bill,' as for the fact that he qualifies as the year's best all-round film-player. His wonderful study of an English colonel in the hands of the Japanese as a prisoner-of-war—in 'The Bridge on the River Kwai'—will be appreciated everywhere on this remarkable film's release early in the New Year."

another highly inventive and imaginative artist, Franco Rossi). And there were deeply interesting and original films also from Spain and from Japan.

These foreign films have often not enjoyed the success they deserve. But film-lovers who missed them are advised to keep a wary look-out for them at those enterprising little cinema-houses up and down the country which keep masterpieces alive and showing. I am glad to learn, on the other hand, that "The Bridge on the River Kwai" has been an immense success in London. It re-appears at the Marble Arch Odeon on the

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"UNTIL THEY SAIL" (Generally Released; December 23).—A fairly routine Service drama which is made interesting and even notable by a remarkably sincere and touching performance by Jean Simmons.

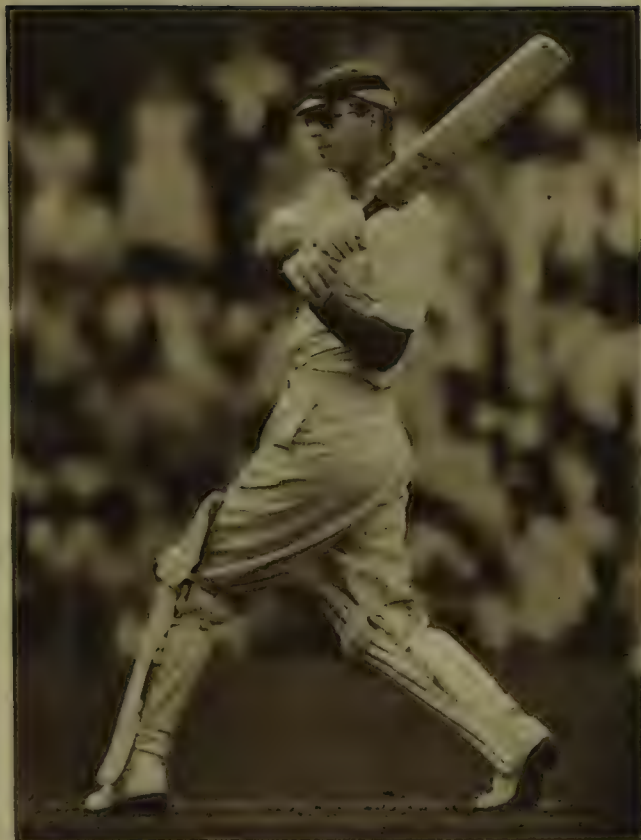
"LES GIRLS" (Generally Released; December 23).—Kay Kendall has great vivacity as one of three dancing-girls, and Gene Kelly has a moment or two as their boss. But there have been plenty of better films even in its own sort, and the composer Cole Porter lets his brilliant self down rather badly.

It will be gathered that, taking the good with the bad, the year 1957 has done its best for us, at least for those of us who enjoy the cinema.

BRITISH PRESS PICTURES OF THE YEAR: LEADING ENTRIES IN THE ANNUAL COMPETITION.



(Left.)
"TIME CHECK," BY
KENNETH SAUNDERS,
SPORT & GENERAL:
PRINCESS ANNE
AWAITS THE QUEEN'S
RETURN FROM NORTH
AMERICA AT THE AIR-
PORT. (First Award,
Royal Category.)



(Right.)
"ROYAL HOOK,"
BY GEORGE M.
GREENWELL,
DAILY MIRROR:
THE DUKE OF EDIN-
BURGH IN ACTION AT
THE WICKET. (Joint
Second Award, Portfolio
Category.)



"MINE . . . ALL MINE," BY GEORGE M. GREENWELL,
DAILY MIRROR: A GIRL GAZES AT HER OWN WORK IN A
CHILDREN'S ART EXHIBITION.
(Joint Second Award, Portfolio Category.)



"WE SINK OR SWIM TOGETHER," BY TERENCE
FINCHER, *KEYSTONE*, BRITISH PRESS PHOTO-
GRAPHER OF THE YEAR: LORD HAILSHAM
AT BRIGHTON. (First Award, Portfolio Category.)



"HOLDING THE BABY," BY CHARLES SEYMOUR,
P.A.—REUTER PHOTOS: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH
AT THE CHRISTENING OF PRINCESS MARIJA.
(Honourable Mention, Royal Category.)



"HAPLACHROMIS, THE EGYPTIAN MOUTHBREEDER," BY GEORGE M. GREENWELL,
DAILY MIRROR: BABY FISH RETURN TO THE SAFETY OF THEIR MOTHER'S MOUTH,
WHERE THEY WERE INCUBATED. (Joint Second Award, Portfolio Category.)



"TRAPPED . . .," BY F. W. REED, *DAILY MIRROR*: A STARLING WHO MADE SOME
ERROR OF JUDGEMENT AND HAD TO BE HELPED FROM THIS HOLE IN THE WALL.
(Joint Second Award, Portfolio Category.)

This year the annual British Press Pictures of the Year Competition, the tenth in the series, attracted once again a fine entry. Over 2000 prints were submitted by 274 photographers from Britain and Commonwealth countries, and from Ireland. The competition is sponsored by Encyclopædia Britannica and the Institute of British Photographers, and the Encyclopædia Britannica Awards were presented by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery at the

Savoy Hotel on December 19. Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery is a skilled photographer himself, and his photographs of the Alps have appeared in our pages on a number of occasions. The title of British Press Photographer of the Year goes this time to Terence Fincher, of *Keystone Press Agency*. A selection of the entries in the competition will be exhibited in Britain, Australia and South Africa during the coming year.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HOSTS AND GUESTS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ALTHOUGH I had previously met about half a dozen of Benn Levy's plays, his work had never grown on me. But having seen "The Rape of the Belt," now at the Piccadilly Theatre, I hasten to say that at last I am at his feet. It has taken a long time; but I will not mar a happy occasion by asking who has been to blame.

Mr. Levy's first comedy, produced in 1925, was called "This Woman Business." Now, more than thirty years on, he might almost have used the title for his tale of the ninth labour of Hercules (I ask pardon: Heracles). Classical myth has lately been a province for dramatists from abroad, for Giraudoux and Anouilh and Roussin and all. Now Mr. Levy has annexed for the British theatre the State of Themiscyra, one that, like the islet of Rockall, nobody had much considered.

Themiscyra, in myth, was the city of the Amazons. Heracles had been ordered to bring the girdle of Hippolyte, its queen, to Eurystheus, who imposed the Twelve Labours. Hippolyte promised her girdle, but the bitter goddess Hera assumed the shape of an Amazon and incited the others to attack Heracles. It was useless, for the great man slew, among others, the swift Aella, the gallant Prothoe, and the virgin Alcippe, besides taking the doughty Melanippe captive. Hippolyte surrendered her girdle; Heracles took it as a ransom for Melanippe, passed it on to Eurystheus, and went out cheerfully to fetch the oxen of Geryon.

That is one of the versions. We know, too, that Theseus had once landed on the coast by the city of the Amazons (who were very friendly) and had carried off the lovely Hippolyte to marry her in Athens. Later the Amazons invaded Athens, and though they were driven back, Hippolyte, fighting on her husband's side, was killed by a spear.

Having read those stories, or something like them, you should put them out of your mind and go to "The Rape of the Belt." Here Mr. Levy, making free with the myths, like so many writers before him, sends Heracles and Theseus together to Themiscyra. Heracles is tough, chivalrous, and a little pompous; Theseus is mildly dithering. In Themiscyra, Antiope and her sister Hippolyte reign as joint Queens. It is a very pleasant world, without class distinctions and entirely feminine (the few men are segregated on an island which is regarded as a stud farm). The Amazons are not in the least warlike. War to them is just foolish. They cannot let Heracles have the royal belt, but they will make no effort to stop him from taking it. The glory goes out of the business; it is all as gallant as grabbing sweets from a child, and suddenly the two visitors, "men by gender, heroes by profession," find the mission embarrassing. Moreover, Antiope and Hippolyte are women of exceptional charm. Heracles must have wished himself back at the relatively straightforward and genial task of bringing to Mycenae the mares of Diomedes of Thrace.

Mr. Levy has enjoyed his work of deflation. Mythological comedy can be dangerously dull; but this one is sustained not only by its quick prickle of wit, but also by its accurate casting: John Clements in richly full bloom as Heracles (with club), who is allowed one or two strong man's feats, such as breaking through the wall of a tower; Constance Cummings, serenely poised, as Antiope; Kay Hammond as Hippolyte, first with her voice in accustomed "wavering morrice," and then surprisingly martial; and Richard Attenborough as a flurried little Theseus, who is amusingly—and purists, I imagine, will say disastrously—unlike the great hero of Athens. But, then, Theseus had a fairly mixed career. I wonder how many at the Piccadilly were quoting Oberon:

How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Aegle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?



A PLAY WITH A "FIRST ACT WHICH IS ONE OF THE BEST I REMEMBER": "DINNER WITH THE FAMILY" (NEW THEATRE) SHOWING ISABELLE (JILL BENNETT) AND JACQUES (IAN HENDRY) IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY JEAN ANOUILH.



"AN INTENSELY ENJOYABLE PLAY... AND I HOPE THAT ITS MOCK-CLASSICAL FLIPPANCIES WILL OCCUPY THE PICCADILLY FOR A LONG TIME": "THE RAPE OF THE BELT" (PICCADILLY), SHOWING RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH "AS A FLURRIED LITTLE THESEUS" AND KAY HAMMOND AS HIPPOLYTE.

If it is submitted that this is irrelevant, I have to say merely that it is worth quoting, from time to time, for the pleasure of writing and hearing the names.

The gods are present at the Piccadilly. They cannot be left out of a myth-play, so we have Zeus (Nicholas Hannen) and Hera (Veronica Turleigh) pedastalled as busts—this is neatly managed—one on each side of the stage, and ready with comment, small talk, atmospheric effects (a very fine storm included), song (Mr. Hannen), and even what I suppose we must call "audience participation." Thus Hera descends from her pedestal and enters the form of Hippolyte, and Miss Hammond wakes to become for a few minutes a martinet with iron filings in the voice instead of sugar-plums. This is an intensely enjoyable play, if you do not object to a dramatist who tampers with myth, and I hope that its mock-classical flippancies will occupy the Piccadilly for a long time.

Another host-and-guest play is very different: "Dinner With the Family," at the New Theatre. Jean Anouilh, its author, has helped before now to brush up our classics. In this piece, from his early days as a dramatist—remarkably "Le Rendez-vous de Senlis" is twenty years old—he is contrasting the dream-world and the actual, illusion and reality, a favourite theme of his. The young Parisian who has been sponging on a wealthy wife, wants for an evening to get away from it all. He tries, for the benefit of the right girl—one of Anouilh's unflawed innocents—to create at Senlis his own ideal home, with parents, old family retainer, and even a place laid at dinner for the "best friend" who does not turn up.

The first act is one of the best I remember, beautifully planned and judged. Even if the rest of the play can hardly live up to so remarkable an opening, this is a profitable night in the theatre. We have to ask why we have not met the play before in translation (André Barsacq's company did it in French at Edinburgh during 1951). Edward Owen Marsh's translation runs fluently. There are various good performances in Frank Hauser's production from the Oxford Playhouse—those, for example, by Jill Bennett and John Justin—and two quite astonishing ones by Lally Bowers and Alan MacNaughtan as the actress and actor engaged to represent the parents. This is minutely-timed and calculated comedy: Miss Bowers can make an eyelash eloquent.

There is something of a host-and-guest theme in "The Happy Man," at the Westminster. It is by Hugh and Margaret Williams, who wrote "Plaintiff in a Pretty Hat," and who show again their gift for offering a small play that manages to be curiously distinctive—less because of its plot than its dialogue, which flowers, time and again, into a theatrical line apt in the situation. Briefly, it is the tale of a normally happy man who finds it harder than most to bear unhappiness in himself or others. He has, during the night, to cope with the temperaments of a nursing sister and a French governess, and to observe that a crisis can usually reconcile the most combative. Alas, reconciliation does not endure. It may seem to be platitudinous, but though it is a very fragile piece, it can touch and amuse, and it has a variety of performances—by Mr. Williams himself, and by Edith Sharpe, Valerie Taylor, and Everley Gregg—that should commend it to the playgoer.

It is very seldom that a single week in the theatre brings together three plays of so much worth on their various levels. I hate now to disturb the atmosphere of goodwill by suggesting that Mary Jukes's "Be My Guest!" (Winter Garden), in spite of Jane Baxter's ever-endearing personality, is much too ingenuous for an evening at the theatre. To reconstruct this "new suspense comedy" would be a thirteenth labour of Heracles.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "PETER PAN" (Scala).—With Margaret Lockwood. (December 20.)
- "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (Old Vic).—Frankie Howerd as Bottom. (December 23.)
- "ROBINSON CRUSOE" (Palladium).—Arthur Askey in pantomime. (December 23.)
- INTIMATE OPERA (Lyric, Hammersmith).—"The Cooper" and "Three's Company": evening performances. (December 23.)
- "NODDY IN TOYLAND" (Princes).—Back for matinées. (December 23.)
- "A STRANGER IN THE TEA" (Arts).—Version of a Le Fanu story. (December 26.)
- "LYSISTRATA" (Royal Court).—Joan Greenwood in Aristophanes. (December 26.)

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN! HIGHLIGHTS OF BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA.



A BREATHTAKING FEAT: MARCO BALANCING FIVE GLASSES OF WINE, ON A TRAY, ON THE HILT OF A SWORD, WHOSE POINT IS BALANCED ON A DAGGER HELD IN HIS MOUTH.



A MOMENT OF REAL APPREHENSION IN DOREEN DUGGAN'S ELEPHANT BALLET, WHEN ONE OF THE HULA DANCERS IS CARRIED BY THE HEAD IN THE ELEPHANT'S MOUTH.



HOW TO LIGHT A MATCH THE HARD WAY: FRED CORDON CRACKS HIS WHIP IN AN ACT IN WHICH THE PATIENT BRUNETTE STANDS CALM IN A STORM OF WHIP LASHES.



HOW TO ESCAPE FROM A BURNING BUILDING, DEMONSTRATED BY ONE OF STEPHENSON'S DOGS, A GROUP OF TERRIERS FULL OF FUN, GAIETY AND INCREDIBLE SKILL AND INGENUITY.



AN ACT WHICH IS FULL OF GENUINE TENSION: THE GREAT TIGER KHAN, HAVING CLIMBED A LADDER, STANDS UP AND BEGS LIKE A KITTEN FOR HIS SCRAP OF MEAT, AT ALEX KERR'S COMMAND.



ONE OF SEVERAL ACTS FROM HUNGARY: THE SIX BIROS IN A DAZZLING DISPLAY OF COMBINED SPRINGBOARD AND "RISLEY WORK"—THAT IS, JUGGLING WITH THE FEET.



FUN AND GAMES WITH A REALLY SPRUNG MATTRESS: A TRAMPOLINE ACT OF COMBINED GRACE SKILL AND COMEDY BY THE SORANIS, A TROUPE FROM GERMANY.



THE LIBERTY HORSES OF ALBERT AND PAULINA SCHUMANN IN THAT THRILLING AND CLASSIC MOMENT, WHEN THE PLUMED HORSES RISE UP AS ONE ON THEIR HIND LEGS.

On December 18 at Olympia the Bertram Mills Circus opened for its annual Christmas season in London with a combination of acts which is really outstanding and which will remain in London until February 1. This is a classic circus, with mechanisation cut to a minimum and the one mechanised act, "The Three Szogi," is really exciting. The show depends on human and animal feats of skill and daring, presented with panache and a great deal

of humour and beauty. Horses come into their own, as they should; besides the beautiful Liberty Horses there is the High School riding of Albert and the lovely Paulina Schumann, assisted by Douglas Kossmayer in a Dumas-like scena. There are acrobats and trapeze artists in plenty including the Flying Condoras, Freya Jossé and the Three Peters; Stephenson's Dogs are enchanting; and a motley array of clowns is given full scope.



ART ANTICIPATES NATURE BY OVER THREE CENTURIES: EL GRECO'S FAMOUS LANDSCAPE PAINTING "TOLEDO IN A STORM."

Since the earliest days of photography there has been constant discussion as to whether the arts of the painter and of the photographer have anything in common. The famous painting and the dramatic photograph shown on these two pages provide a fascinating comparison, and immediately bring these discussions to mind. They could hardly be more widely separated—the painting came into being over three centuries before the photograph, and the subject of the photograph is separated by the whole Atlantic Ocean and the width of the North American Continent from that of the painting. Yet few will deny that the two have much in common and that in an uncanny way El Greco has anticipated a moment in time and light in another city which did not even exist when he was

composing "Toledo in a Storm." The photograph of San Francisco University and its campus was taken by an amateur photographer, Lieut.-Colonel Philo M. Baumgartner (U.S. Army, retired), several years ago, and in 1955 he presented the negative to the University as his Centennial Year gift. The tall baroque building with the twin spires is St. Ignatius Church, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers who founded and maintain the University of San Francisco. The single-towered building on Lone Mountain (immediately behind the church) is the San Francisco College for Women. The Roman Catholic University of San Francisco was founded in 1855 as St. Ignatius College and was re-chartered under its present name in 1930. The original buildings, dating from the glamorous days just after



NATURE FOLLOWS ART AFTER OVER THREE CENTURIES: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

the Gold Rush, were destroyed in the earthquake of 1906 and were immediately replaced by those which still form the core of the University to-day. "Toledo in a Storm" is the only pure landscape which El Greco (1541-1614) is known to have painted. It is a late work and is among the Master's most dramatic and powerful compositions. In a slightly earlier painting—the "View of Toledo with a Map" which is still at Toledo—El Greco has achieved an essentially topographical composition of the city where he settled soon after his arrival in Spain in about 1575. In "Toledo in a Storm" (which is reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, to which it was bequeathed by Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer in 1929), El Greco has given full rein to his artistic licence.

The brilliant greens of this painting could rarely, if ever, be found in that barren part of Castile, particularly when the sky is overcast by impending storm. El Greco has painted the city from a point across the River Tagus to the north-east. On the hillock to the left is the mediæval castle of San Servando. On the skyline El Greco has placed the delicate spire of the Cathedral—which, in actual fact, stands far to the right in the centre of the town. The Alcántara Bridge, which is of Moorish origin, spans the river in the middle distance. The whole scene shimmers in the threatening light of the storm, and it must rank as one of the finest landscapes ever painted—a superb tribute to the city where the Cretan-born El Greco spent the most fruitful years of his life, and died in 1614.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

WHEN is a novel least a novel? Nowadays, when it is not only Russian, but "one of the most vital and significant documents of our time." For we are then so engrossed in the significance that we can hardly see the book as a work of art. "Not By Bread Alone," by Vladimir Dudintsev (Hutchinson; 18s.), comes emphatically under this curse. We are forewarned that it electrified Soviet readers by its frankness, that it caused a political and public sensation, that it marks an epoch, that it was finally damned, with reservations, yet not suppressed. Further, we are advised that it "tells a human story as only the old Russian masters . . . could tell a human story": which would seem to rank it with Tolstoy, or at least Turgenev. As to that, the critic may form his own judgment, if he can.

It is a very long story, very simple in outline, about the long, long road of an "individualist" who has invented a new method of casting drainpipes. Lopatkin used to teach physics in a Siberian factory town. But then he registered his machine. It was approved in principle. Drozdov, the little Napoleon of the factory, engaged to push it in Moscow. The inventor was even told to come and work on it. So he left his job—and instead has fallen among official experts, conniving bureaucrats and snakes in the grass. For, as it turned out, the "great" Professor Avdiyev and his group have their own casting-machine. Possibly a dud: but since they wield the "organisation," all their failures will be kept quiet, while Lopatkin's protests are referred to them automatically. Yet still he goes on, jobless, half-starved, appealing endlessly in all quarters, year after year. Drozdov, who began with inertia and then ditched him, labels it the tenacity of a crank, a big-headed "genius" flouting the collective. But to Lopatkin the experts are a "monopoly"; he is the true Communist, scorning to renounce his machine for a bedroom suite. And it will be realised; sooner or later, he will find help. . . . At last he does—after a term in Siberia under the Official Secrets Act. But though the honest man gets a break, the careerists are still flourishing.

I shall have to skip the love-interest. There is nothing specially Communist in the theme; its lone, heroic innovator and entrenched diehards might be found anywhere. At one stage it has charm—when Lopatkin is keeping house with an old, Dickensian wreck of an inventor, Professor Bussko, on a régime of black bread and fish-oil. Otherwise, its geniality is choked by a tedium which may well be Communist: a blight of naiveté and high thinking, rather like the moral humbug of the Victorians without their personal subtlety.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Voice at the Back Door," by Elizabeth Spencer (Gollancz; 15s.), turns on the Negro problem in the U.S.A.; so that the theme could not be more hackneyed, and the moral standpoint is obligatory. Yet here we are in the free world—the world where subtlety and maturity and mixed characters and good stories are unconfined.

This one is tense, intricate and quiet. The Sheriff of a dull little town in Mississippi succumbs to a heart attack. He was a strong man—if you like, a corrupt, popular bully—and there is no one in Lacey to wear his mantle. It had two white boys, but now Duncan the football hero has become a grocer, and Jimmy the war hero has become a bootlegger. *Faute de mieux*, the sheriff singles out Duncan with his last gasp; and Duncan takes on the job for conscience' sake. Like his ambitious friend Kerney Woolbright, he has liberal ideas; and though Jimmy will be against him, he expects Kerney to back him up. For that matter, so does Kerney. But in practice, Kerney is for no one but himself; Jimmy, whose father led a massacre of twelve Negroes, is against no one but himself. And so it turns out.

Duncan is the good man, Jimmy the charmer; and it is Jimmy's shadow, the son of his father's leading victim, who provides the touchstone. But I have given only a thin idea of a rich web.

"Doctor in Love," by Richard Gordon (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), was actually my first glimpse of this worthy. I suppose he has always been funny. Certainly he is funny this time—never more so than when getting jaundice in his own hospital, falling in love with the night nurse, and being treated by a vindictive rival. But that passion was a mistake. The next is serious; it turns him into an engaged man, calling on the family solicitor, buying a house, getting "a few things" done to it, and, generally speaking, led to the block. All in all, I wish I had met Dr. Gordon sooner.

In "The Twenty-Third Man," by Gladys Mitchell (Michael Joseph; 13s. 6d.), we find Dame Beatrice Lestrangle Bradley installed at the Hotel Sombbrero on the island of Hombres Muertos, in the Spanish Main—among some very queer fish. The "dead men" and leading spectacle of the island are twenty-three mummified kings in a cave; it has also a troupe of very domestic bandits, no extradition and no law against murder. The proceedings have an uncommon sprightliness and hilarity; but I lost all hold on the clues, and found the solution very flat.

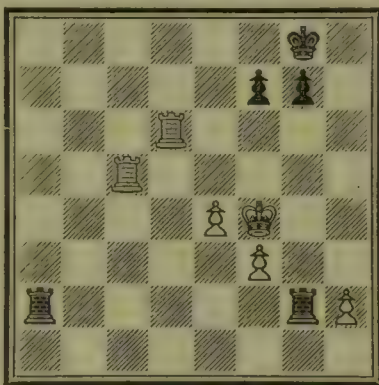
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IN Bent Larsen, of Denmark, and Fridrik Olafsson, of Iceland, Scandinavia seems to have produced an answer to the Russian threat of chess domination. In the World Championship preliminary in Holland referred to in our recent Notes, they had, it must be admitted, to concede first place to Hungary's very experienced and tested Laszlo Szabo; but as the first three from this particular zonal tournament go on to the "Interzonal," they sacrifice only a few guilders prize money.

Olafsson played somewhat the better of the two, though Larsen beat him in their individual game. Larsen had a little luck and has yet to beat Donner, who tied with him for third place, in a match. Donner himself was unlucky against Szabo, reaching the following drawn position after a hard fight but with only a fraction of a second left for his next five moves:

DONNER, Black, to play.



SZABO, White.

Compelled to move on the instant, he played 35. . . P-Kt4ch; and after 36. R×Pch, R×R; 37. K×R, R×P; 38. K-B6, R-R3ch; 39. K-K7, R-R4; 40. R-Q5, resigned. It is difficult to see how he could ever have lost after simply 35. . . R×P.

Olafsson played the soundest and most convincing chess of the lot. The Austrian Dückstein begged him to play off their last-round game in advance, as Dückstein wanted to leave early. Olafsson, though strenuously engaged (at one time he had four adjourned games on his hands simultaneously), agreed; and his kindness was rewarded:

ENGLISH OPENING.

OLAFSSON	DUECKSTEIN	OLAFSSON	DUECKSTEIN
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-QB4	P-K4	5. B-Kt2	Kt-K2
2. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	6. Kt-KB3	QKt-B3
3. P-KKt3	P-Q4	7. Castles	Kt-B4
4. P×P	Kt×P	8. P-QKt4	P-QR3

Or 8. . . Kt×QKtP; 9. Kt×P, or 8. . . B×P; 9. Kt×P, Kt×Kt; 10. Q-R4ch, Kt-B3; 11. B×Ktch. In either case, Black would be giving up a centre pawn for an inferior wing-pawn.

9. B-Kt2	B-K3	15. Q-Kt2	P-Q6
10. Kt-K4	P-B3	16. P-K3	K-Kt1
11. P-QR3	Q-Q2	17. QR-Kt1	Kt-R2
12. Q-B2	Castles (Q)	18. Kt-B5	B×Kt
13. KR-QB1	Kt(B4)-Q5	19. P×B	P-B3
14. B×Kt	P×B	20. Kt-Q4	B-B2?

White has a forced win now.

21. Q-Kt6 K-R1 22. B-R3! Kt-B1
If 22. . . Q-K2 then 23. Kt-B5 and the black queen is driven away from defence of the QKtP.

23. B×Q	Kt×Q	24. B×P	Resigns
24. . . Kt moves.	25. B×Pch and 24. . . P×B;	25. R×Kt	are equally uninviting.

IT appears that all Siamese cats are possessed of a devil. Unfortunately, it is a devil of singular charm, and those who once bring themselves to suffer from his infestations continue to do so willingly and without hope of cure. Exorcism, I am told, is of no avail. I am myself acquainted with a Siamese cat which sits on the balcony of a neighbouring house and caws like a rook, but our own cats have always been of the domestic variety, with no Oriental pretensions, or pedigrees affirming their connection with Persia or Siam. Now that I have read Miss Doreen Tovey's book, "Cats in the Belfry" (Elek; 15s.), I am sure that we have been right to stick to this unambitious attitude in the matter of cats. For although we may miss some of the higher raptures of felinology, we miss a great many other things as well. Our cats, for instance, do not tend to take flying leaps on to my stomach while I am having a bath. They do not jump like mad things all round my motor-car, yelling and bawling. They do not take to following every horse which comes down the street, or sit on top of the grandfather clock. Mr. and Mrs. Tovey's Siamese do all these things—yea, and more also. It is true that the Tovey family has an unusual taste in pets. They had a squirrel called *Blondin*, about whom I should have liked to have heard a great deal more, and Grandma had an owl called *Gladstone*, who used to sit on the top of the open bathroom door, gazing with distaste at such persons as had the hardihood to brave both the draughts and the publicity and take a bath. But let Mrs. Tovey speak for herself: "One old man I know nearly signed the pledge on the spot the night he met me in the lane just after closing time and saw a squirrel yelling defiance at him from the top of my head with his tail bottled out like a flue-brush. All the thanks I got, too, for assuring him that it really was a squirrel and not the first signs of d.t.'s, was that he made a gate-to-gate tour of the village telling everybody I was potty. What they would say when they heard I went round now with a screaming cat on my head I shuddered to think." *Sugieh*, the mother, was the first Siamese cat in the family. Later, she had four kittens, two of which, *Solomon* and *Sheba*, survived to create chaos and to inspire undying affection. They have been rather unfelicitously named, for they are a singularly unbiblical pair. I am inclined to agree with the rector, who opined that the proper name for *Solomon* was *Beelzebub*. However, these elegant, if hell-inspired, creatures have given Mrs. Tovey the opportunity to write one of the most enjoyable books I have read for a long time, and the illustrations by Maurice Wilson could not have been bettered.

In "No. 10, Downing Street, 1660-1900" (Hutchinson; 25s.), by Hector Bolitho, I should have liked to have heard more about the house itself. How many of Mr. Bolitho's readers will not feel a spark of ordinary human curiosity about where the Cabinet Room is, where the Prime Minister's family lives, and whether there is a garden? It is a little disappointing to be given a precise account of all the Prime Ministers from Walpole to Balfour, with a few rapid snapshots of Sir Winston Churchill. We do, however, meet the rascal Sir George Downing, a "perfidious rogue," "a pedagogue and fanatic preacher not worth a groat," who built—indeed, jerry-built—the street which now bears his name. Not all our Prime Ministers have lived at No. 10; Melbourne, Peel, Russell and Palmerston never did so. Mr. Bolitho tells us: "Two surprises emerged as the story grew, in writing: the fact that so many of the ambitious men who led the country, from No. 10, died of the hard labour of their task; and that most of them were men of integrity and respectability. . . . There have been a few scoundrels, like Downing himself, or sinners like Sir Francis Dashwood; but the abiding impression is of happy family life, and virtue—even in the eighteenth century, when virtue was out of fashion." The rest of his book makes good these claims. It is a fine epitome of nearly three centuries of English history, and Mr. Bolitho writes, as ever, with great distinction.

In "King of the French" (John Murray; 25s.), Baroness de Stoeckl tells the story of King Louis Philippe, who jockeyed Charles X off the throne and failed to hold it for himself or his heirs, scuttling out of France under the alias of "Mister Smith." But, as Baroness de Stoeckl so well points out, Louis Philippe was all things to all men. It is not an edifying story, but it is vividly and justly told in these pages.

Admirers of Art Buchwald will enjoy his "I Chose Caviar" (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.). It is painted in the brightest colours, but where this writer is concerned, I am colour-blind. The publisher has added a band to the dust-cover, on which Messrs. Peter Ustinov, Gilbert Harding and Alan Melville loudly proclaim their immense appreciation of Mr. Buchwald's humour. That is a tribute against which I do not propose to set up my personal prejudice. I will merely add another group of readers which will probably find this book screamingly funny: those who enjoy old-fashioned, music-hall comedians making fun of top-hats.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



shadow on sweetness

Afternoon lies heavily humid on the watery green flatlands of Bengal. In the rutted roads a furnace breath spirals the soft dust, stirs the feathers of the scavenging kite. In the lacquer blue sky great vultures swing slowly: water-buffaloes wallow in the shallows of the many tentacled river. And in the fields, jute is verdant, rice sprouts, sugarcane surges . . . knuckle-jointed, spear-leaved, tall-stalked in many colours . . . red, yellow, green, purple. For the earth of Bengal is rich earth, and its crops can be rich too.

Yet for years a shadow has lain across its sugar fields—caused mainly by the sugarcane borers *Chilo traea infuscatella* and *Scirpophaga nivella*. These voracious burrowing caterpillars, larvae of inconspicuous grey moths, swarm in the cane in plague proportions, for the local conditions—which provide cane at all stages of growth throughout the year—make life sweet for borers to feed, breed and multiply. But not for farmers, who frequently see whole areas of cane reduced to dry, useless stubble—and who live permanently with disaster staring them in the eye.

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Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Saturday, December 28, 1957. Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom and to Canada by Magazine Post. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia: Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.